

MARCH
No. 47

CRACK COMICS



Captain
TRIUMPH
BLACKENS THE
HYPNOTIC
EYES OF
KHOR!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

[illegible]

A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTLIN

**Greatest Gold-Mine of
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**Require a minimum of Tools, usually
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It may be just a rag doll that you have made for a little girl, or a little silver bracelet that you have cut, hammered and decorated for your wife or girl friend—but if you have made it yourself, it will give you more pleasure and pride than anything like it that you can buy.

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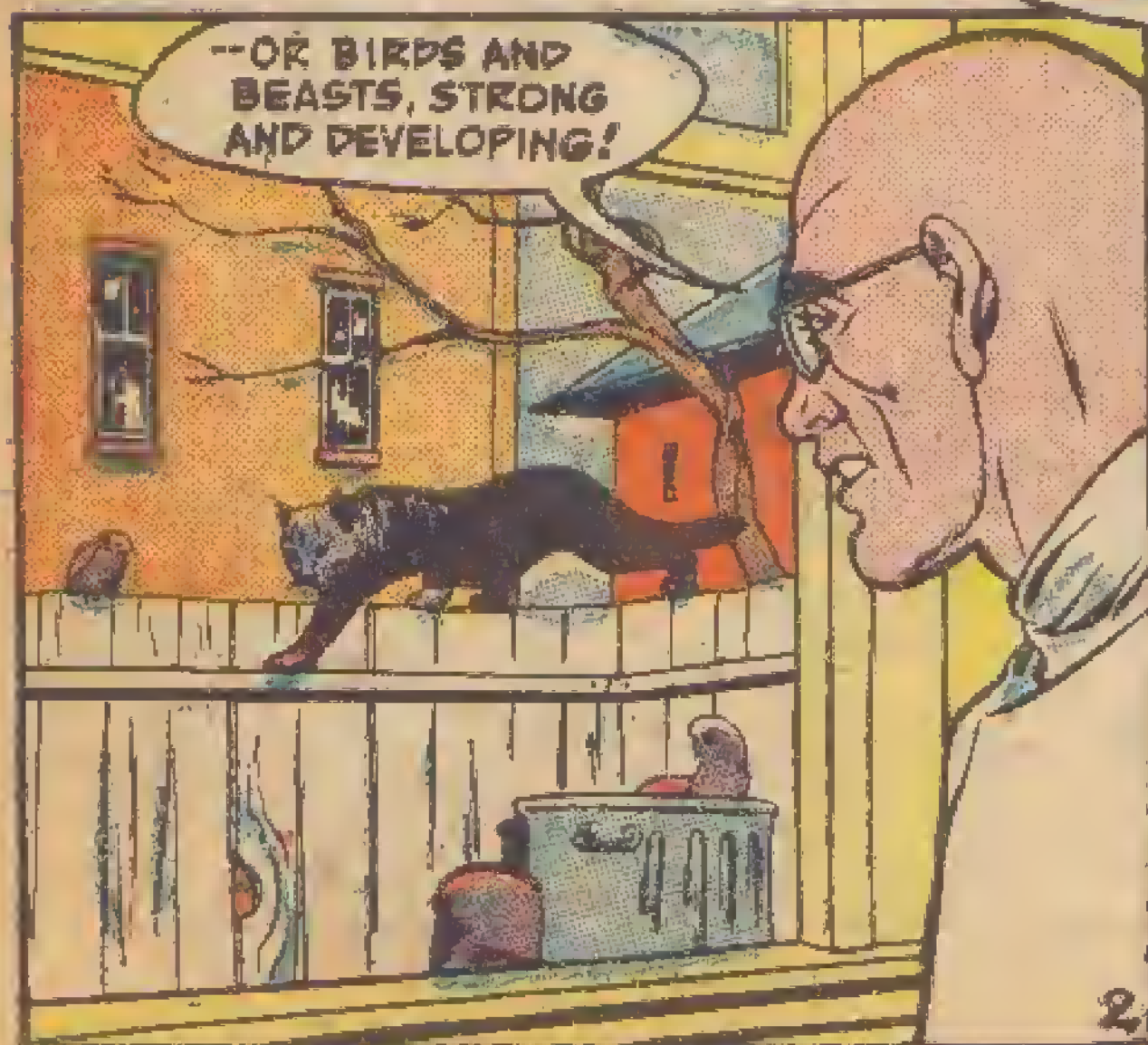
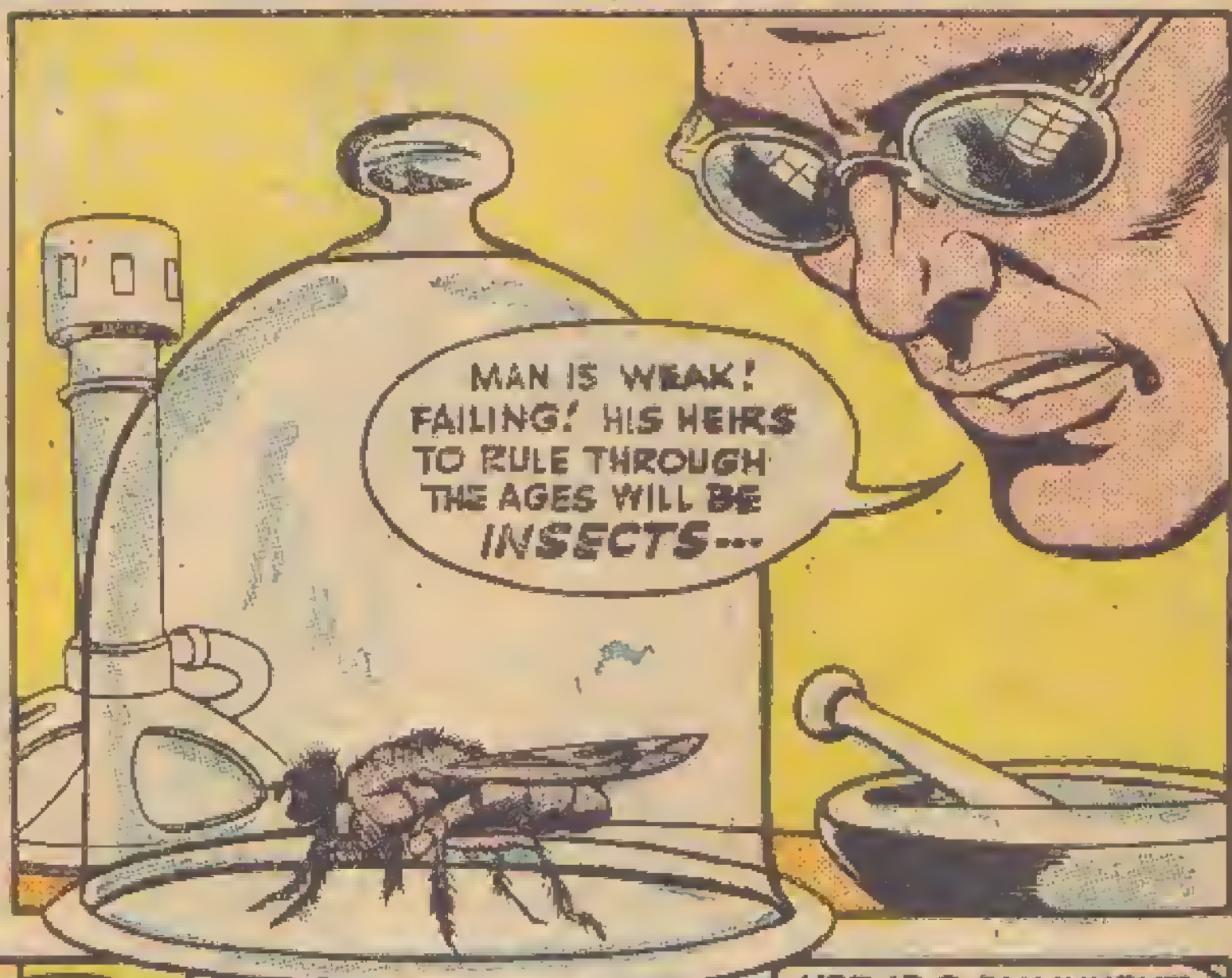
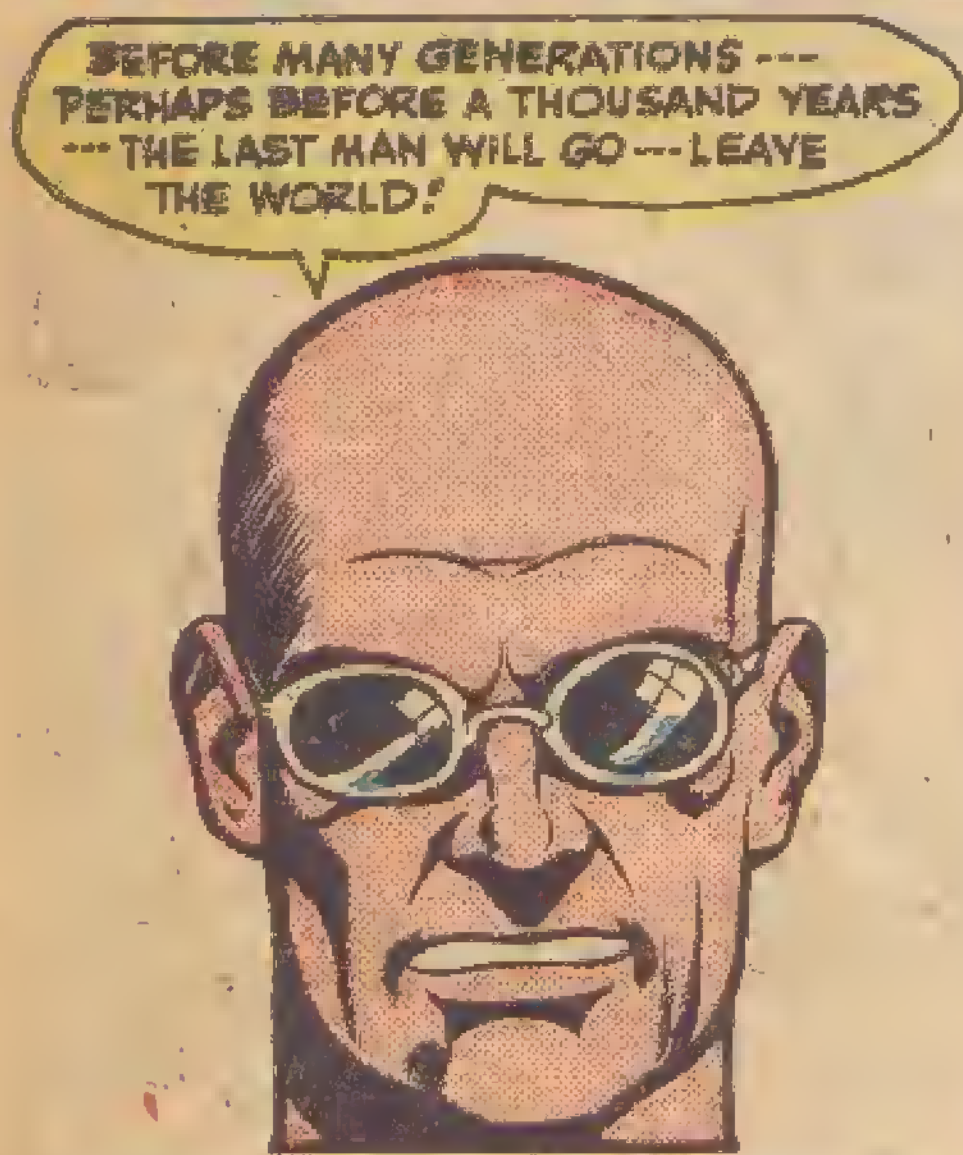
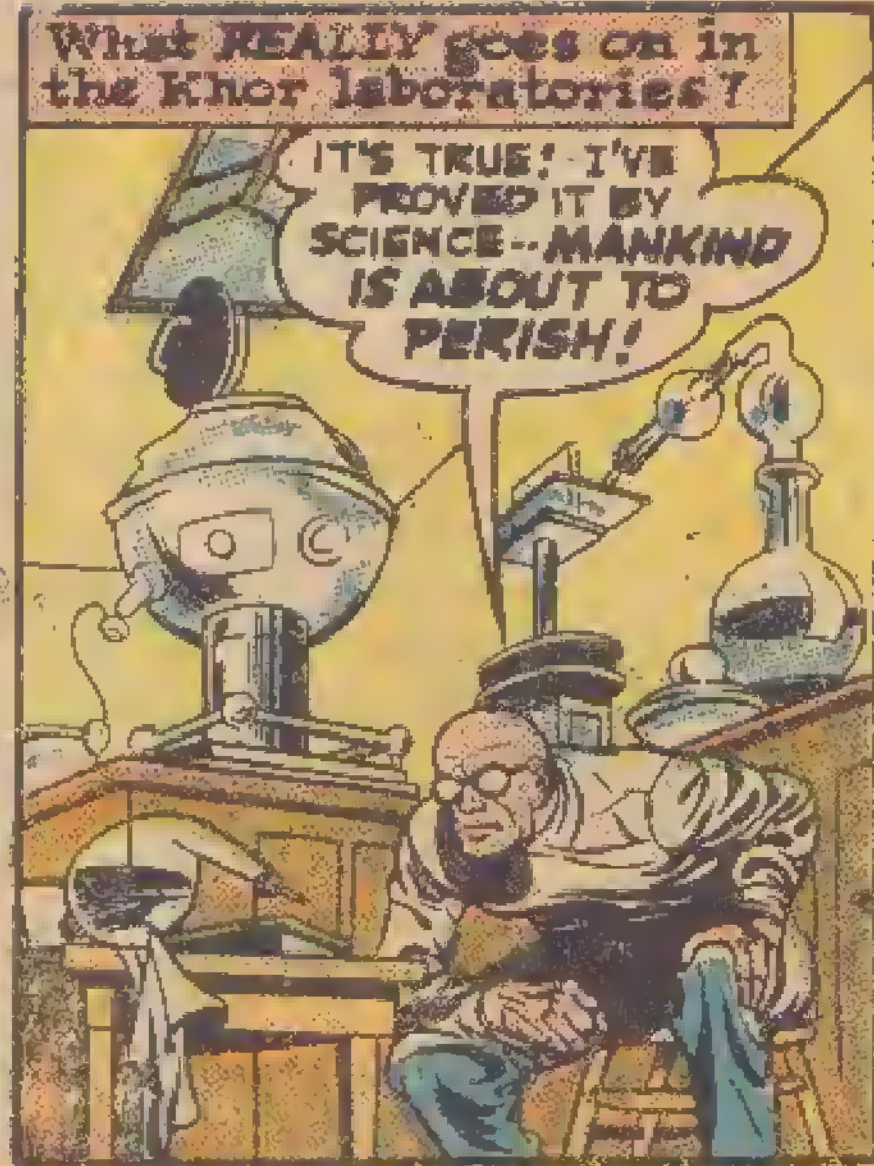
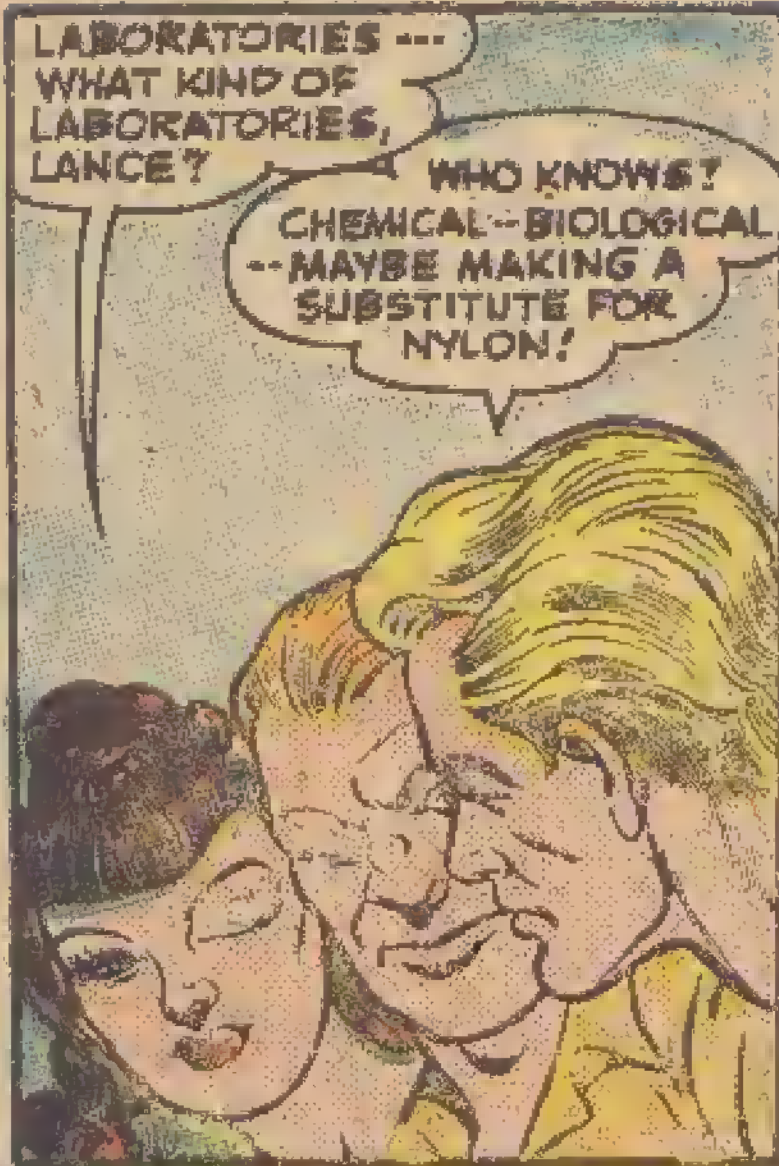
Just Look at This Partial List of All the Things You Can Make and Do

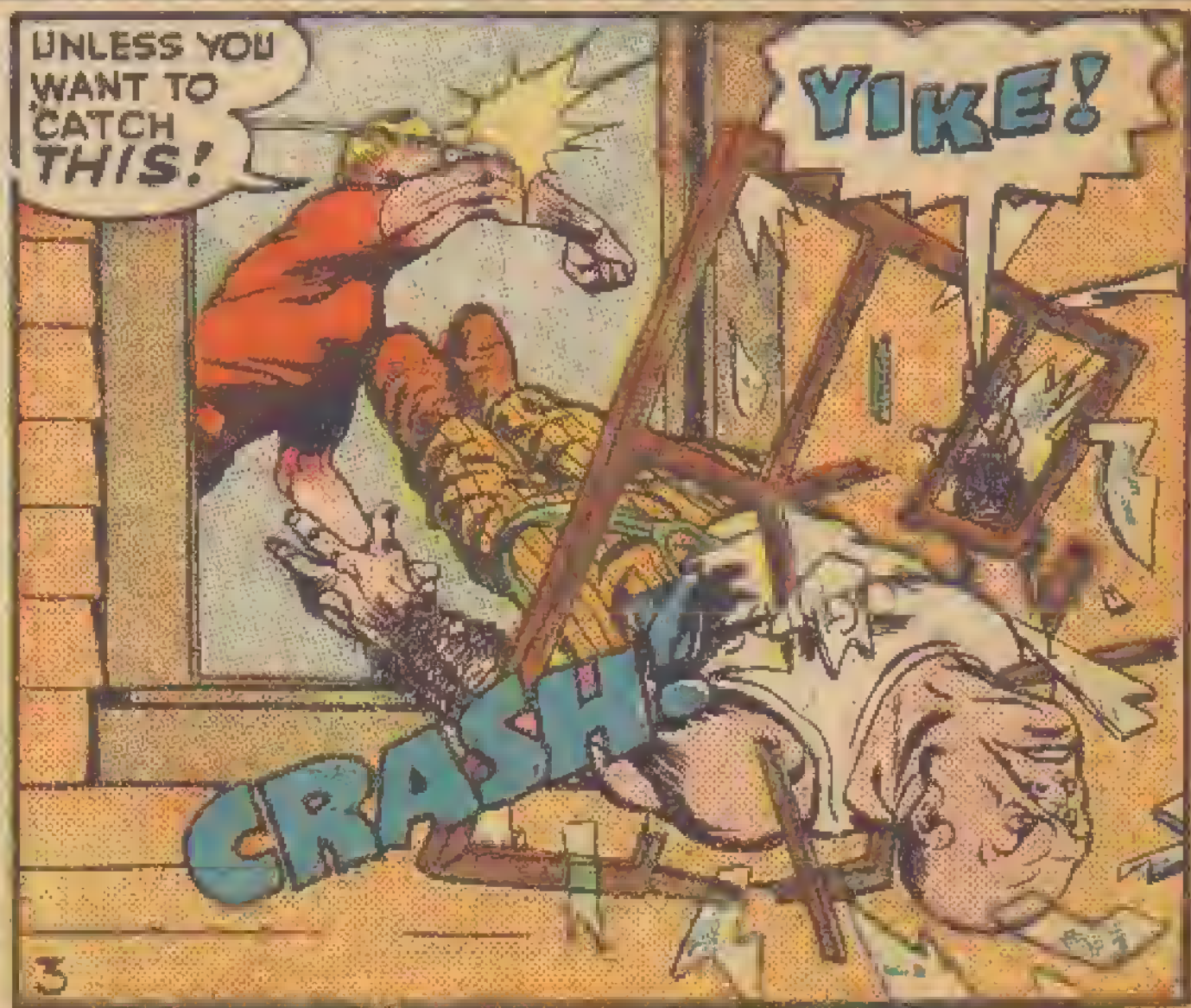
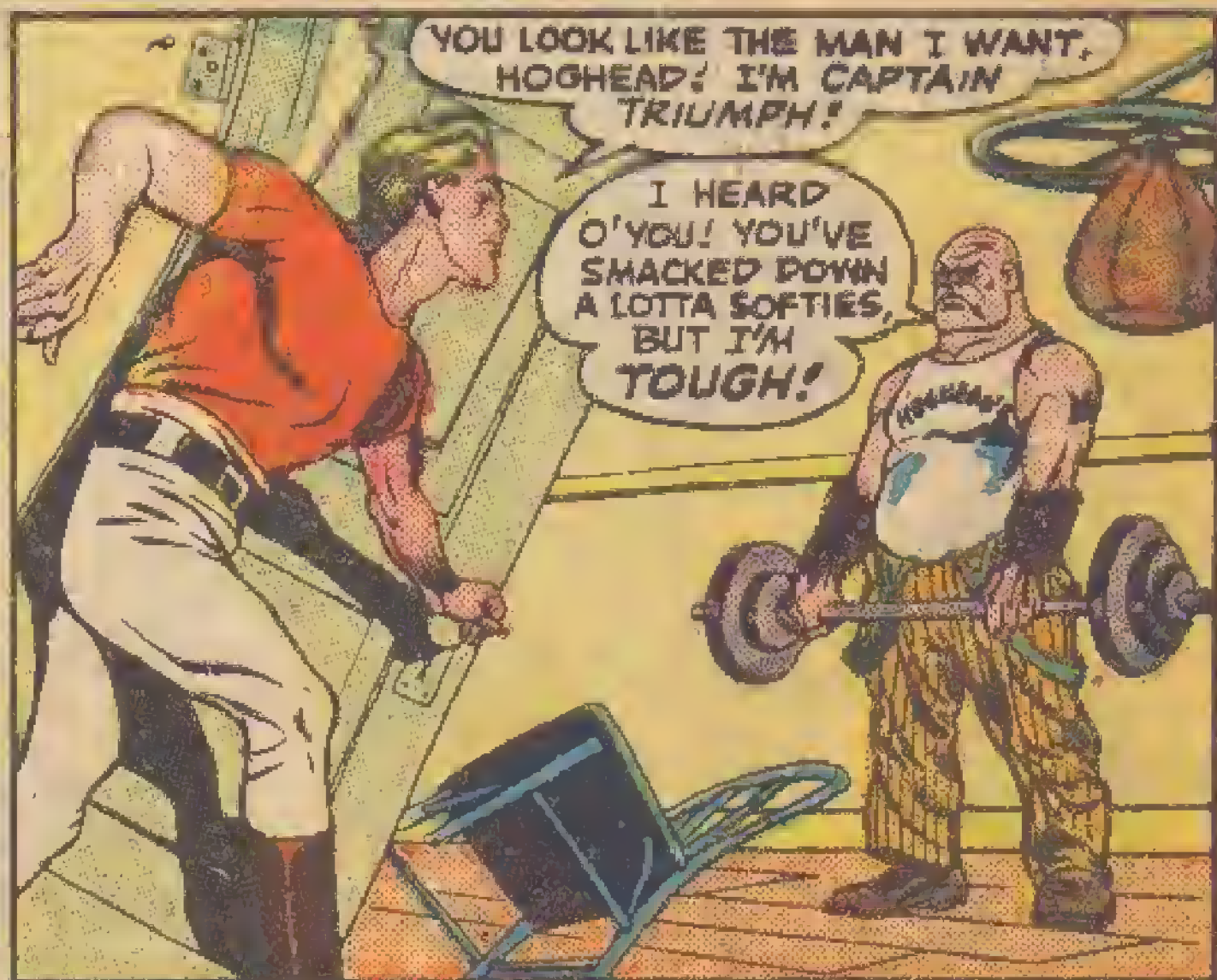
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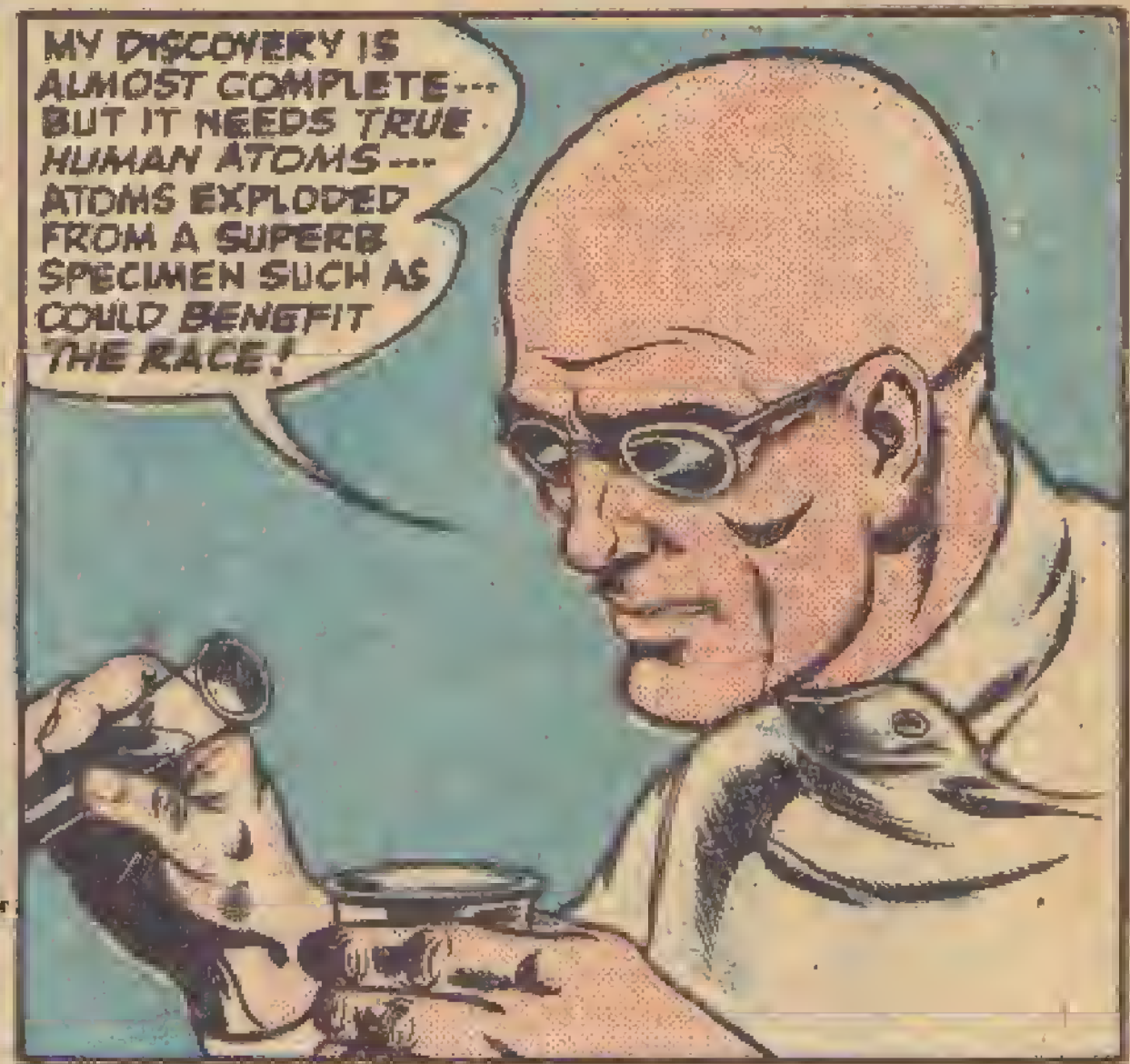
Captain TRIUMPH

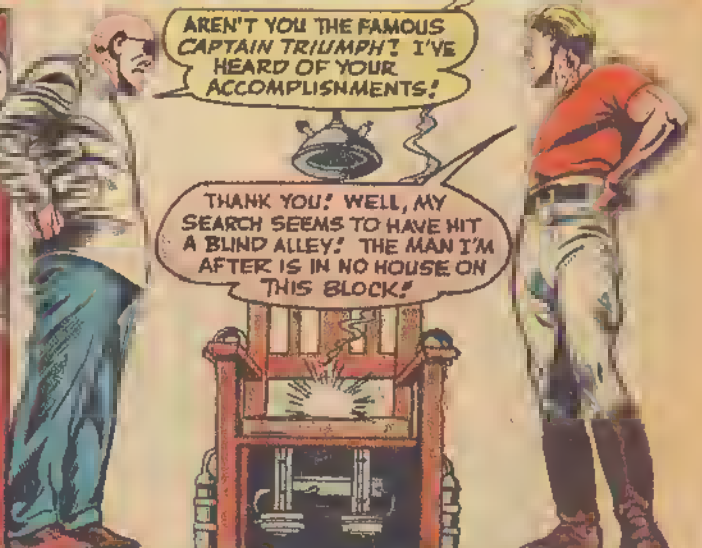
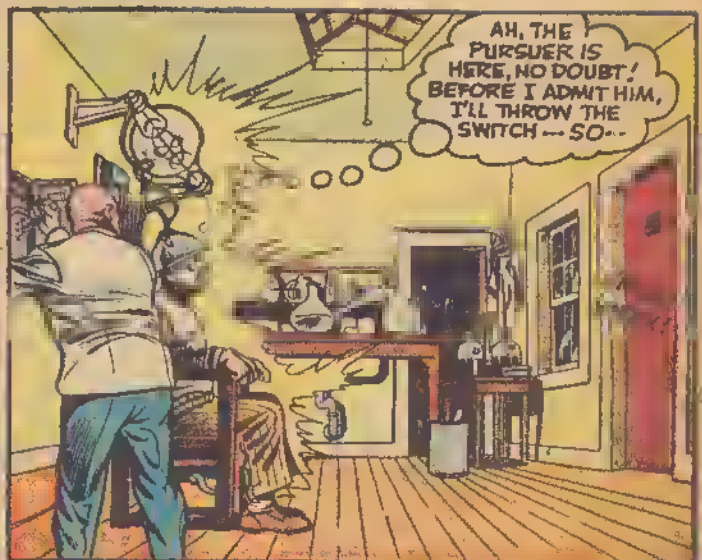
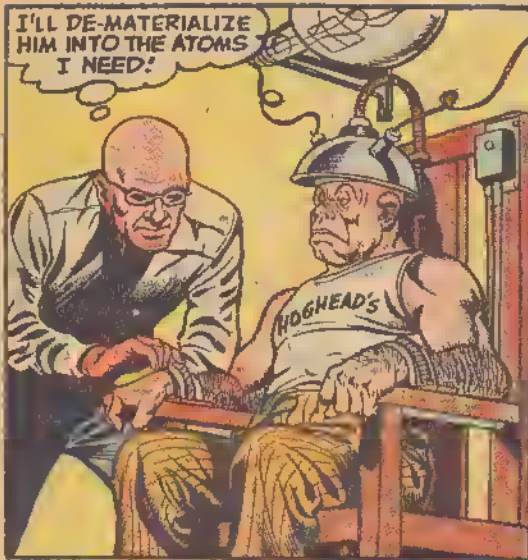


When Lance Gallant touches the magic birthmark on his wrist, the spirit of his dead twin brother Michael merges with him to become **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!** And once again he follows the trail of crime to overtake a smasher of the **HUMAN ATOM!**









A touch on the mark dissolves CAPTAIN TRIUMPH and Lance returns to his comrades....

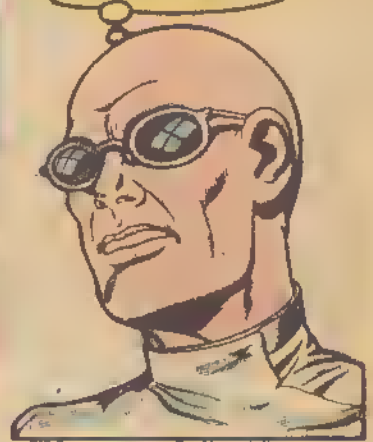


But, back in Khor's laboratory...

THE ATOMS FROM THAT DISINTEGRATED HULK -- SUCCESSFULLY GATHERED -- BUT NOT WHAT I NEED FOR MY FORMULA!



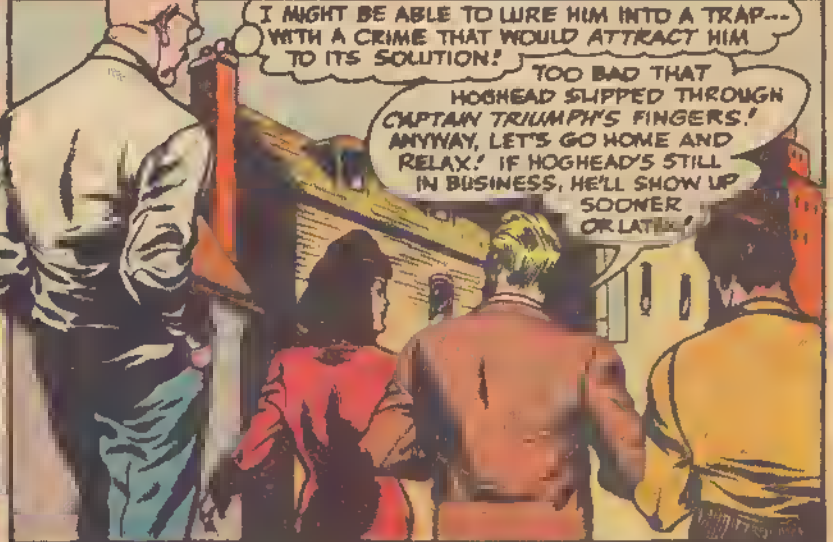
HE WAS STRONG, YES... BUT HIS NATURE WAS COARSE! I NEED A HIGH TYPE... THE FINEST HUMAN SPECIMEN...



I KNOW -- THE STRONGEST AND MOST POWERFUL OF MEN -- CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, HIMSELF!



I MIGHT BE ABLE TO LURE HIM INTO A TRAP... WITH A CRIME THAT WOULD ATTRACT HIM TO ITS SOLUTION!

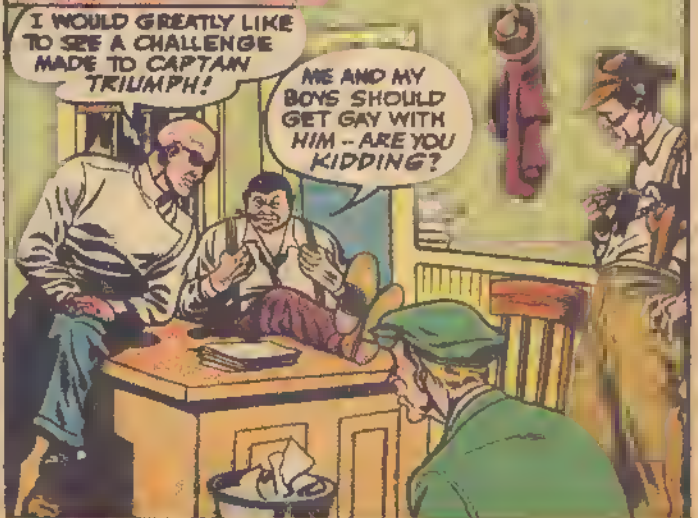


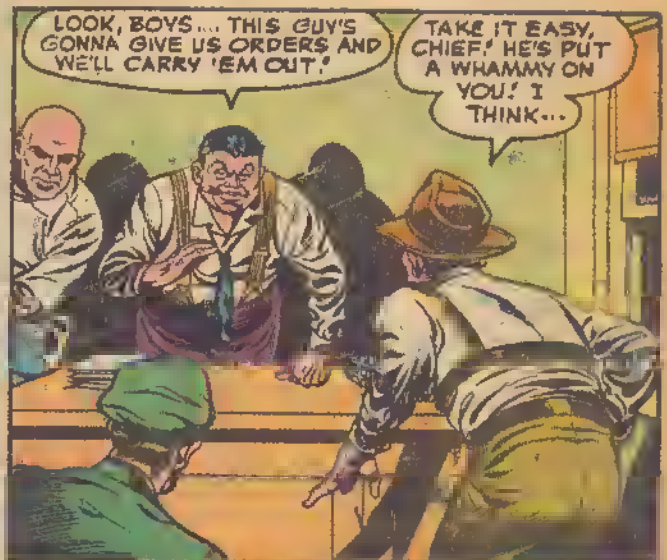
THOSE ARE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S FRIENDS -- AN ATTACK ON THEM WOULD BRING HIM INTO ACTION!



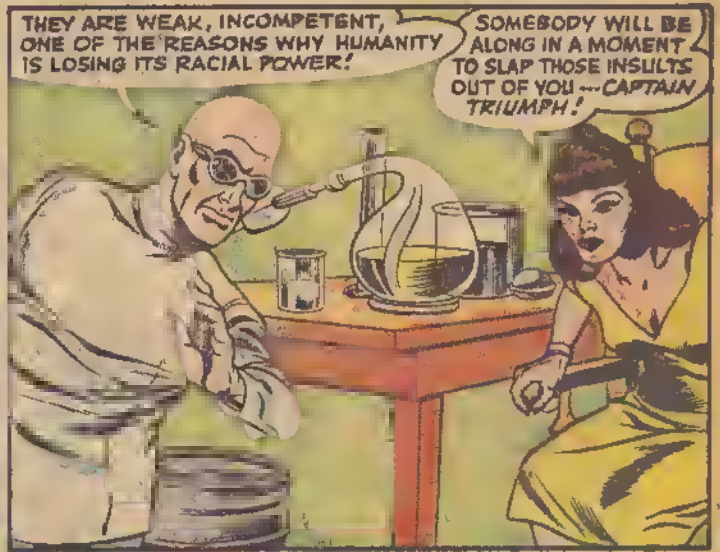
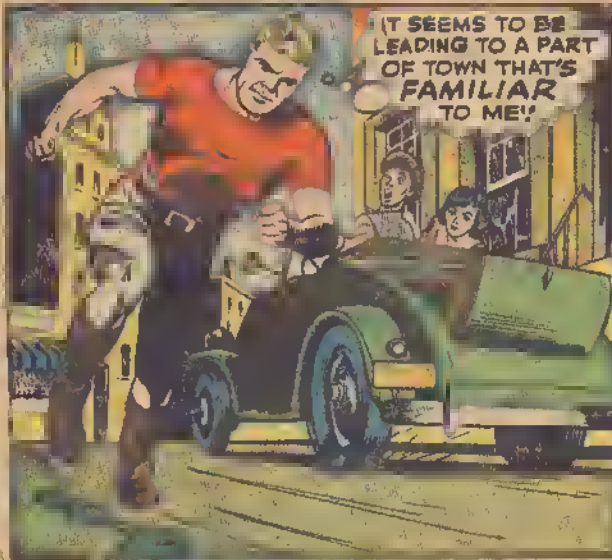
A short time later...

I WOULD GREATLY LIKE TO SEE A CHALLENGE MADE TO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!









Again CAPTAIN TRIUMPH touches the magic birthmark ... to become the twin brothers, Lance and Michael!

I'LL GO THERE UNSEEN AND MAKE A LITTLE RECONNAISSANCE!

GOOO! I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU!



IT'S GETTIN' COLD! DID YOU FEEL A CHILL BREEZE?

NAW! MAYBE IT'S A GHOST, EXCEPT I DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM!



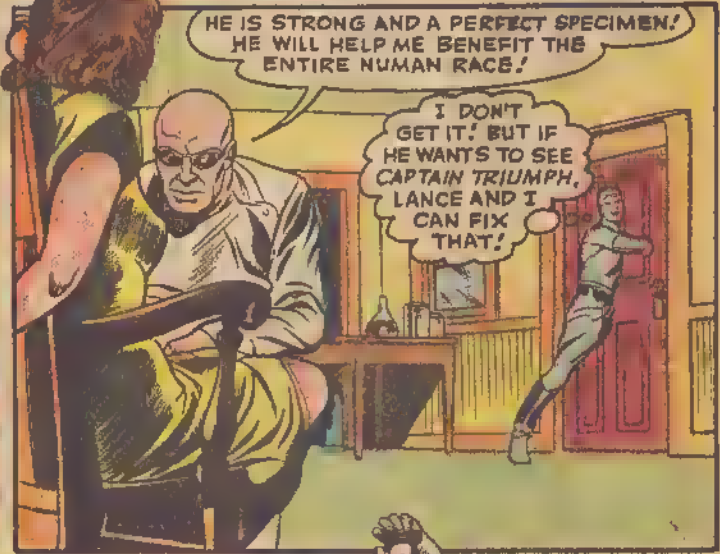
WHAT GOES ON HERE?

I KIDNAPPED YOU BECAUSE I KNOW YOU ARE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S FRIEND! I WANT HIM TO VISIT ME!



HE IS STRONG AND A PERFECT SPECIMEN! HE WILL HELP ME BENEFIT THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!

I DON'T GET IT! BUT IF HE WANTS TO SEE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, LANCE AND I CAN FIX THAT!



YOU SAY HE'S HOLDING KIM PRISONER AND HOPING FOR CAPTAIN TRIUMPH TO COME? WHY?

THE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO RUB THE BIRTHMARK AND SEND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH IN TO SEE!

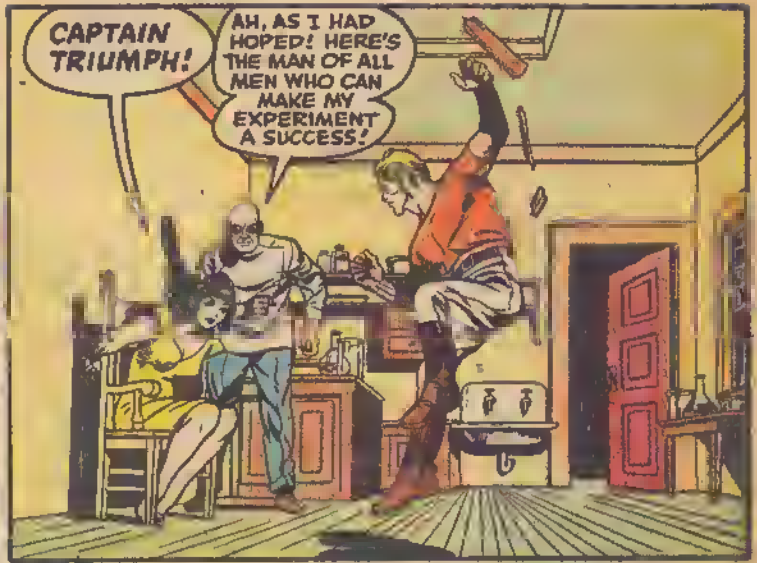


THE BEST WAY TO DROP IN IS THE WAY HE LEAST EXPECTS!





THIS SKYLIGHT WASN'T MEANT TO BE A TRAP DOOR -- BUT LET'S GET IT OPEN!



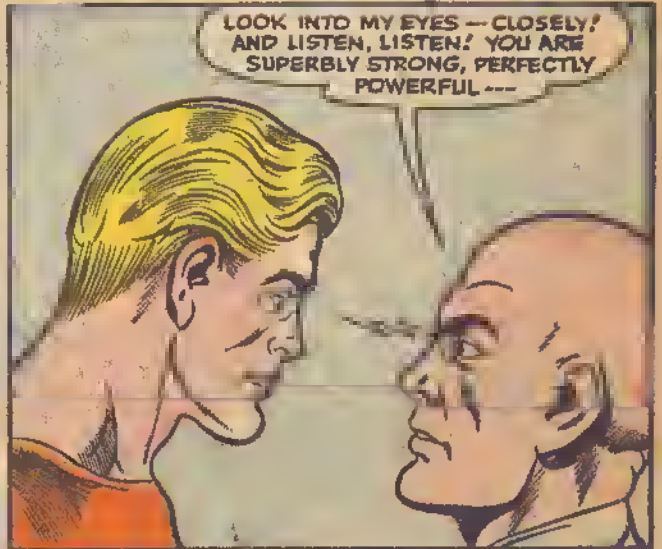
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

AH, AS I HAD HOPED! HERE'S THE MAN OF ALL MEN WHO CAN MAKE MY EXPERIMENT A SUCCESS!



WELL, KHOR! SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN AT ONCE WHY YOU'VE ACTED LIKE THIS!

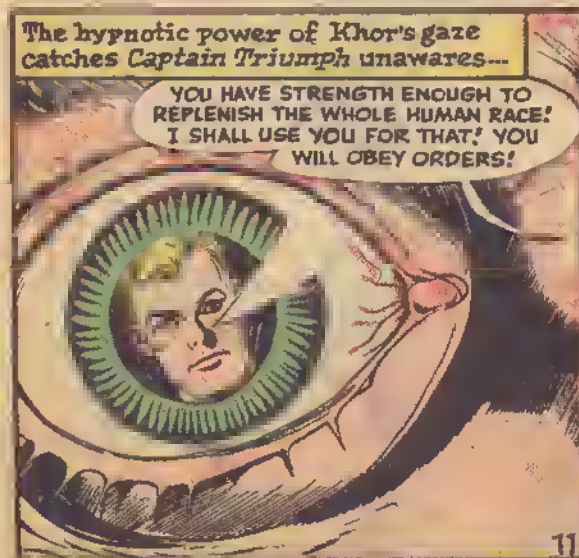
WILLINGLY, WILLINGLY!



LOOK INTO MY EYES -- CLOSELY! AND LISTEN, LISTEN! YOU ARE SUPERBLY STRONG, PERFECTLY POWERFUL ---

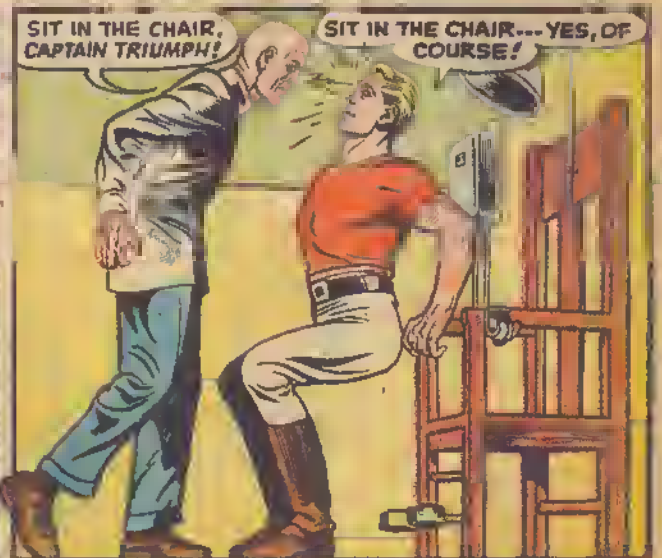
The hypnotic power of Khor's gaze catches Captain Triumph unawares---

YOU HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH TO REPLENISH THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE! I SHALL USE YOU FOR THAT! YOU WILL OBEY ORDERS!

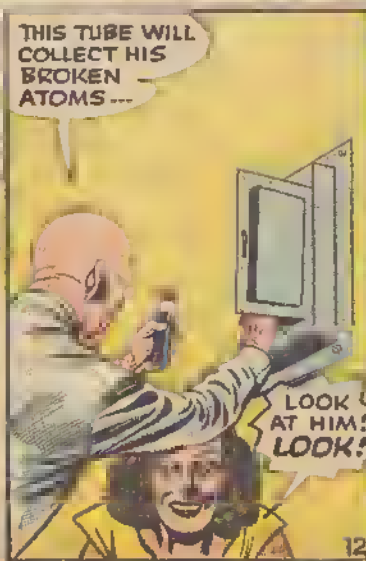
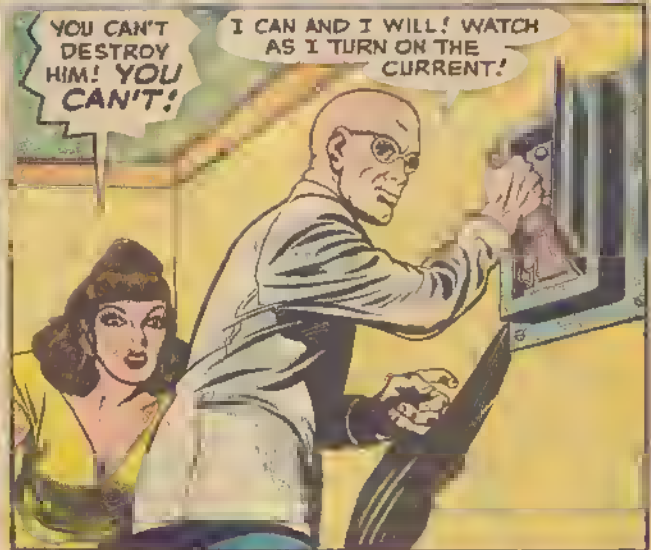
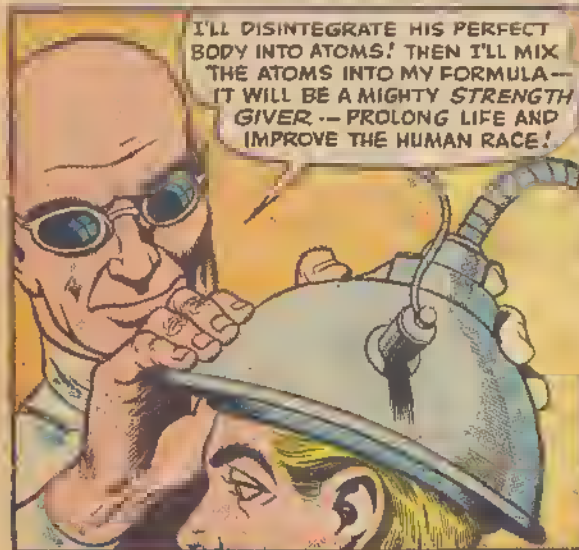
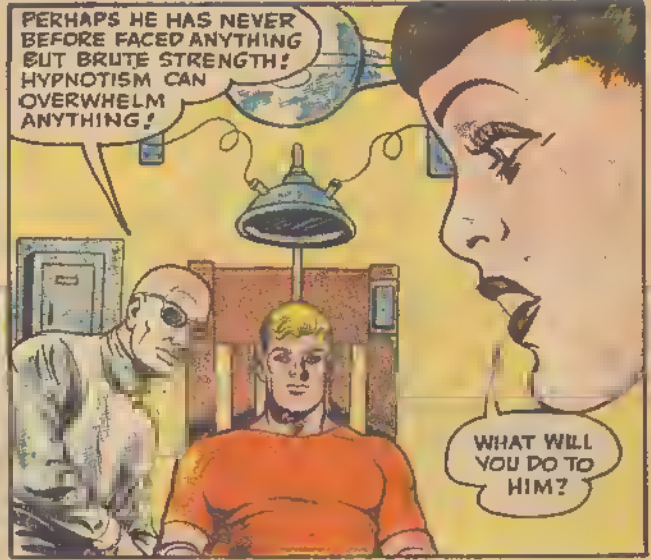
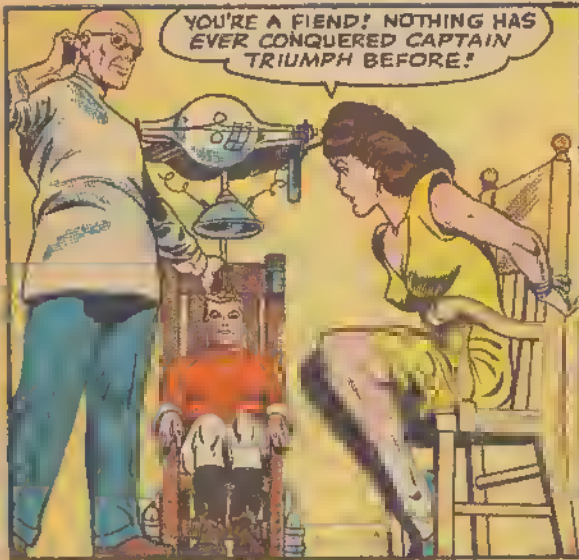


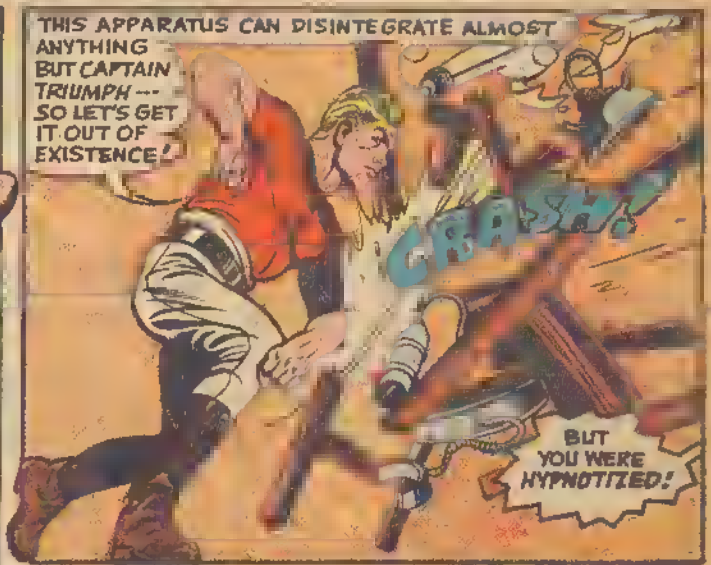
SIT IN THE CHAIR, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

SIT IN THE CHAIR--- YES, OF COURSE!



CRACK COMICS









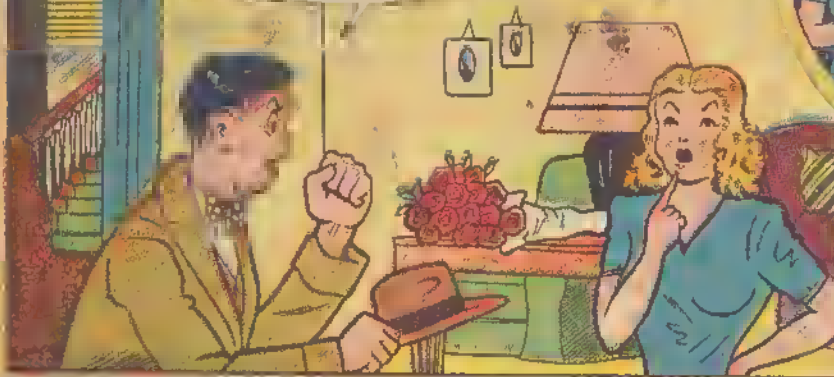
BEEZY

WELL, AT **LEAST**, THIS NEW COMBINATION OF CLEOPATRA, MISS AMERICA AND WHISTLER'S MOTHER SHOULD APPRECIATE THAT BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET YOU'RE BRINGING HER!

OH, THESE AIN'T FOR **HER**!

AND, SIS, SHE'S POSITIVELY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST WONDERFUL, MOST UNDERSTANDING....

NOW WHERE, **WHERE** HAVE I HEARD **THAT** BEFORE?



ONLY A BRAIN LIKE MINE COULDA THINK UP A SMART IDEA LIKE THESE ROSES-EVEN IF IT **DID** BUST ME TO DO IT!

THEY'RE FOR HER OLD MAN-- JUDGE VAN DER FUTZY! I HEAR HE'S A **FLOWER FANCIER**... ONE O' THESE OLD BIRDS WHO PUTTER OVER DAHLIA BEDS AND SUCH!

SO --- FLOWERS FOR **FATHER**! THAT IS A NEW ONE!



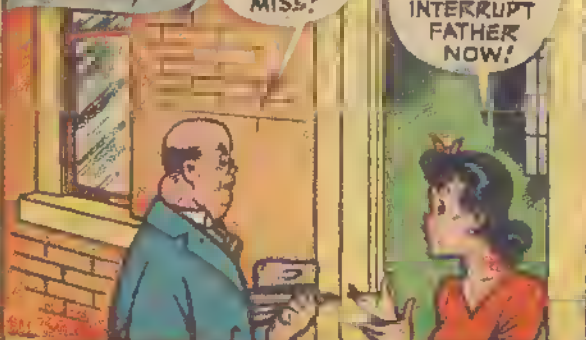
BUT THIS IS NO **ORDINARY** CHESS GAME.... IT'S BY TRANSOCEANIC PHONE WITH A FRIEND OF HIS IN CAIRO! THEY'VE PLAYED FOR TEN MINUTES DAILY BY AN OPEN WIRE FOR THE PAST YEAR!

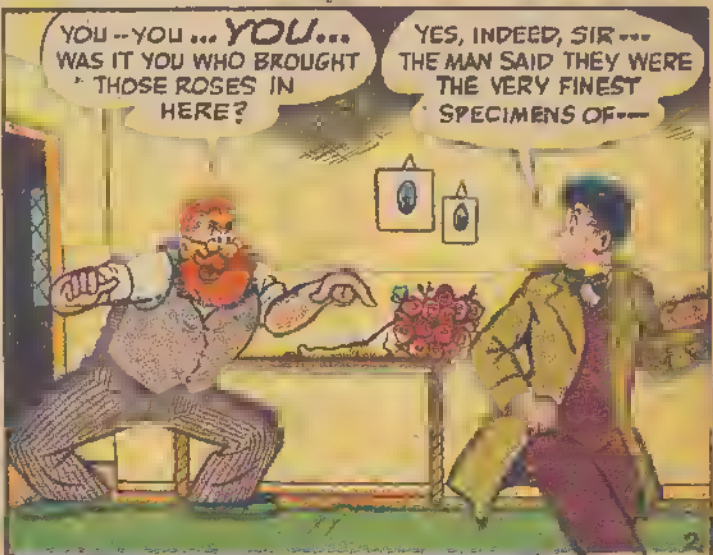
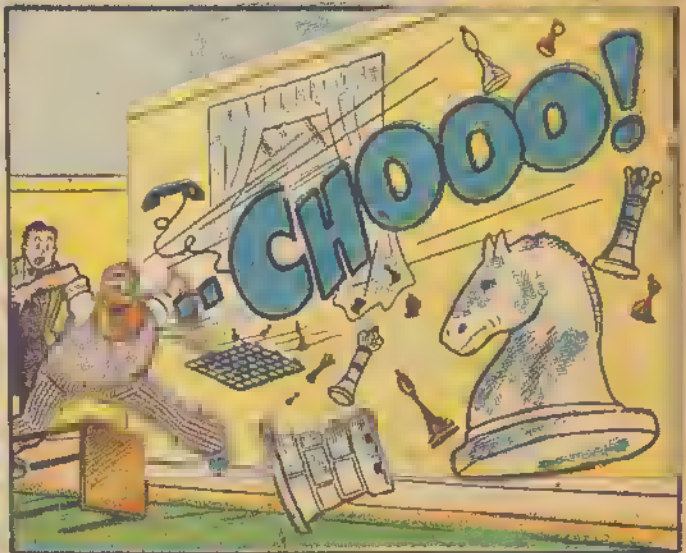
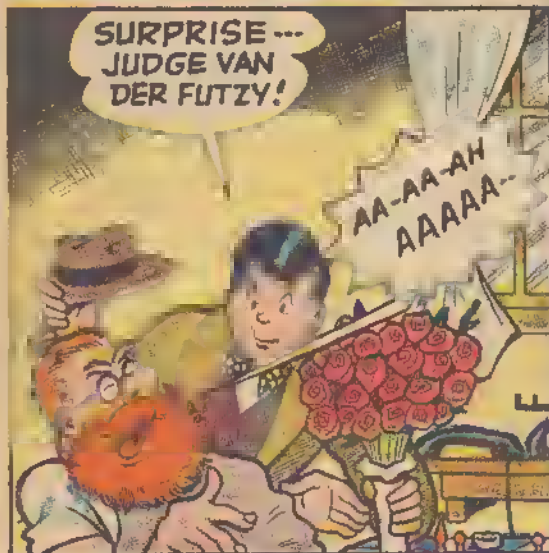
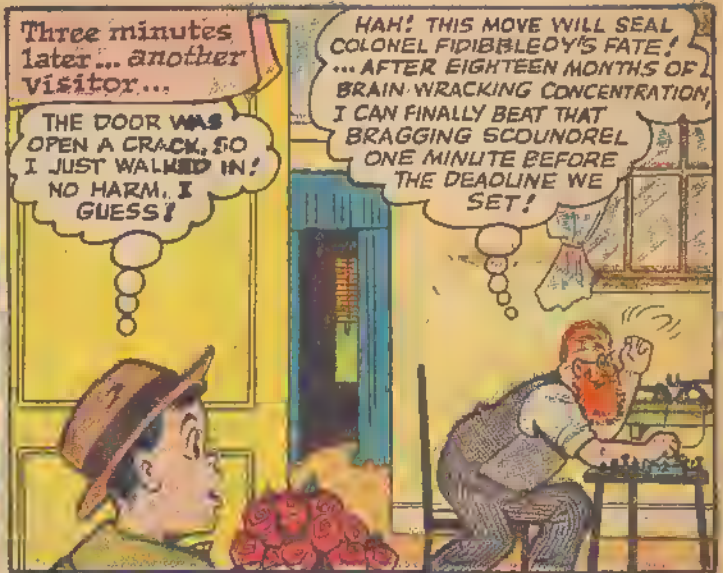
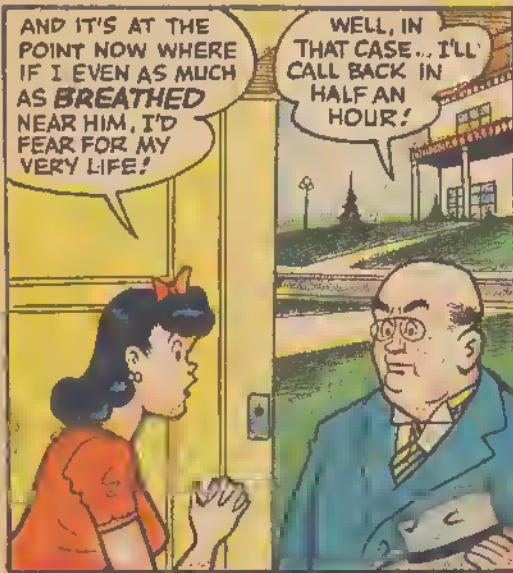
Meanwhile-- at the Van der Futzy's...

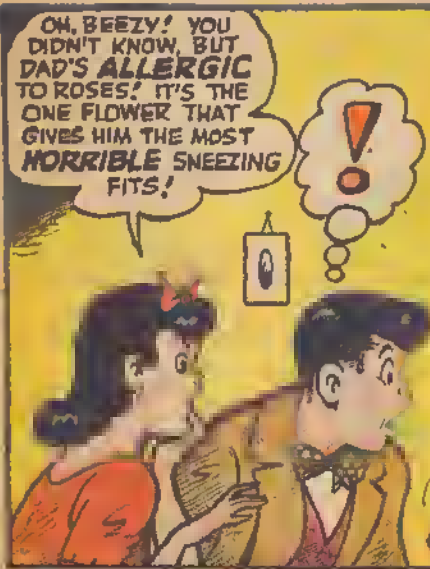
BUT IT'S QUITE IMPORTANT, MISS!

OH, I WOULDN'T **DARE** INTERRUPT FATHER NOW!

BUT IF, AS YOU SAY, HE'S ONLY PLAYING CHESS...





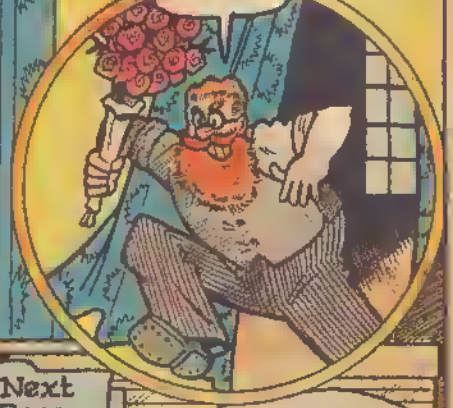


OH, BEEZY! YOU DIDN'T KNOW, BUT DAD'S **ALLERGIC** TO ROSES! IT'S THE ONE FLOWER THAT GIVES HIM THE MOST **HORRIBLE** SNEEZING FITS!

YOU WIN, COLONEL! AFTER WHAT JUST HAPPENED, I NEVER WANT TO **LOOK** AT ANOTHER CHESS MAN AGAIN!



AND AS FOR YOU, YOU BILLY-BE-DANGED HOOLIGAN HYENA OF A HEP-CAT SABOTEUR, YOU...



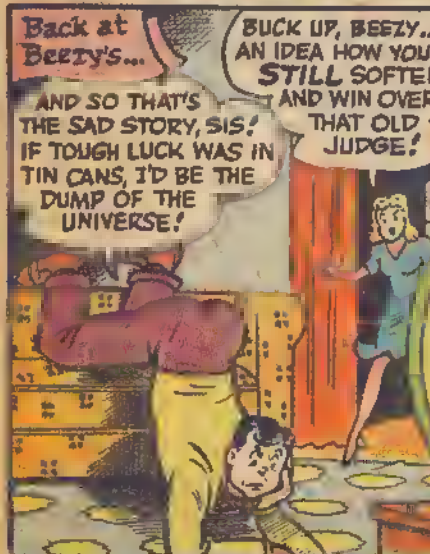
Next Door...

DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW, WILLIAMETTE?

I DID! AND IT JUST CONFIRMS MY OPINION THAT OLD VAN DER FUTZY IS **CRACKING UP!** IMAGINE... RUSHING ABOUT, PELTING PEOPLE WITH ROSES!



EEEEYAH! YOU ---!



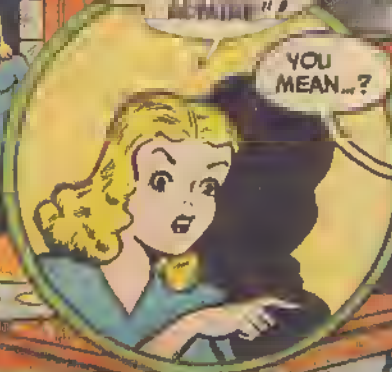
Back at Beety's...

AND SO THAT'S THE SAD STORY, SIS! IF TOUGH LUCK WAS IN TIN CANS, I'D BE THE DUMP OF THE UNIVERSE!

BUCK UP, BEEZY...I'VE AN IDEA HOW YOU MIGHT **STILL** SOFTEN UP AND WIN OVER THAT OLD JUDGE!

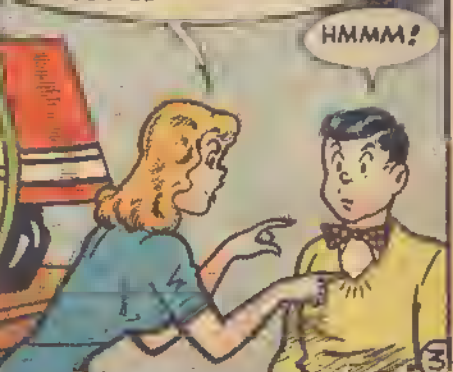
THE COUNTRY CLUB IS HAVING A COSTUME PARTY TONIGHT AND PEOPLE ARE GOING MADE UP AS THE "PERSON I MOST RESEMBLE!"

YOU MEAN...?



I MEAN YOU'RE GOING MADE UP AS JUDGE VAN DER FUTZY! ENTRANTS' PICTURES WILL BE IN THE PAPERS... AND EVEN A HARD-SHELLED, OLD CRAB LIKE THE JUDGE CAN'T HELP APPRECIATING SUCH FLATTERY AS YOU'LL BE GIVING HIM!

HMMM?



Later, with the help of a costume store and Betty's amateur theatrical make-up kit ---

GEE, BETTY, YOU SURE DID A SOLID JOB!

BEEZY, HONEST, YOU'RE A DEAD RINGER FOR THE OLD JUDGE!

NOW HURRY, BEEZY, OR YOU'LL BE LATE!

SHUCKS! AND YOU JUST CAN'T GET A CAB.... I TRIED!

WELL... ANY CONVEYANCE IN A CRISIS... OH, BOY!

OKAY... BUT I WANT IT BACK BY MORNING!

DAW-GONE! AFTER ALL THIS FUSS AN' TROUBLE, I DON'T WANNA MISS THE MAIN EVENT!

AGAIN! Those next-door neighbors of Judge Van der Futzy....

WILLIAMETTE, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I DO!

AND I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME JUDGE VAN DER FUTZY WAS PUT AWAY!

HO! HO! WHAT GIVES WID DE OLD GUY?

HMMM... BATTY AS A BUGHOUSE MOUSE!

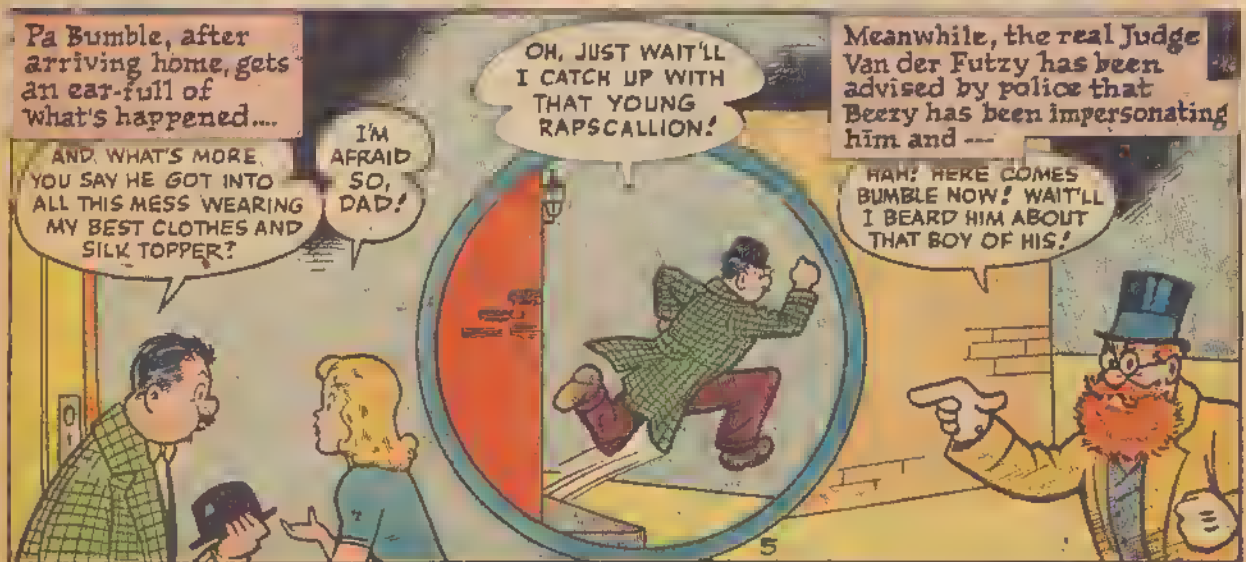
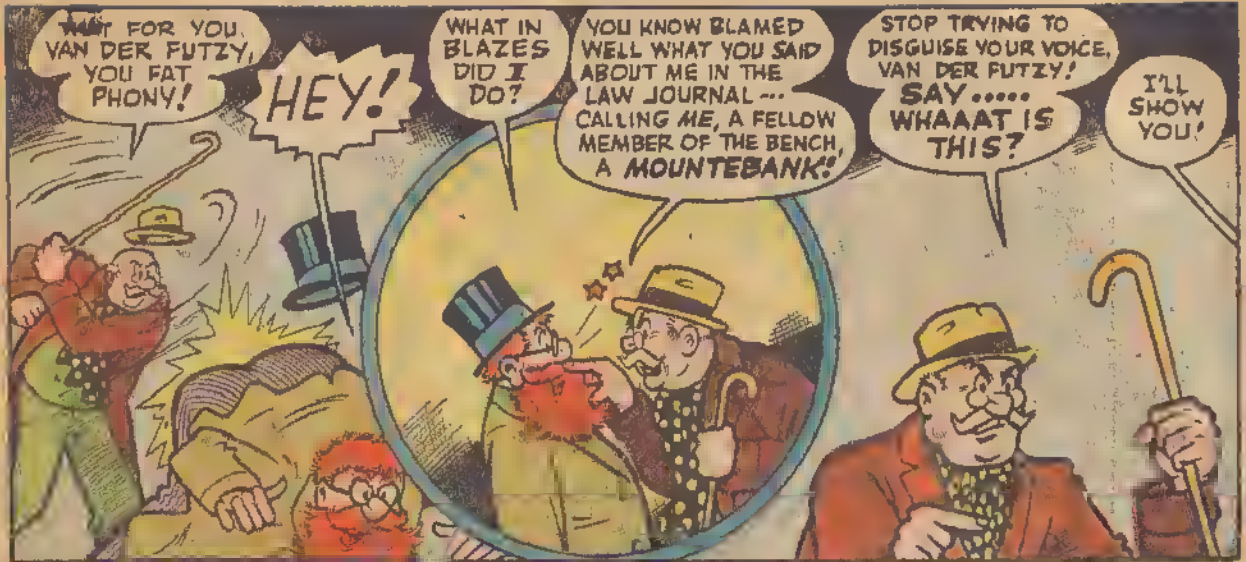
AND TO THINK OF HIM JUDGING PEOPLE!

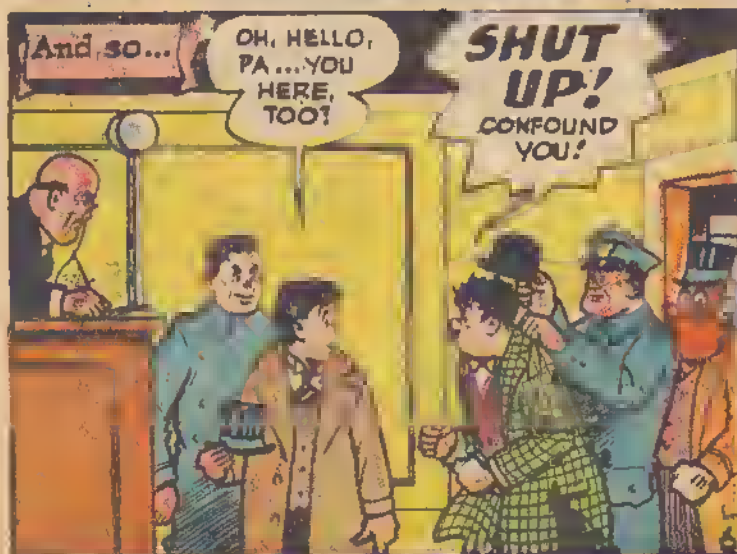
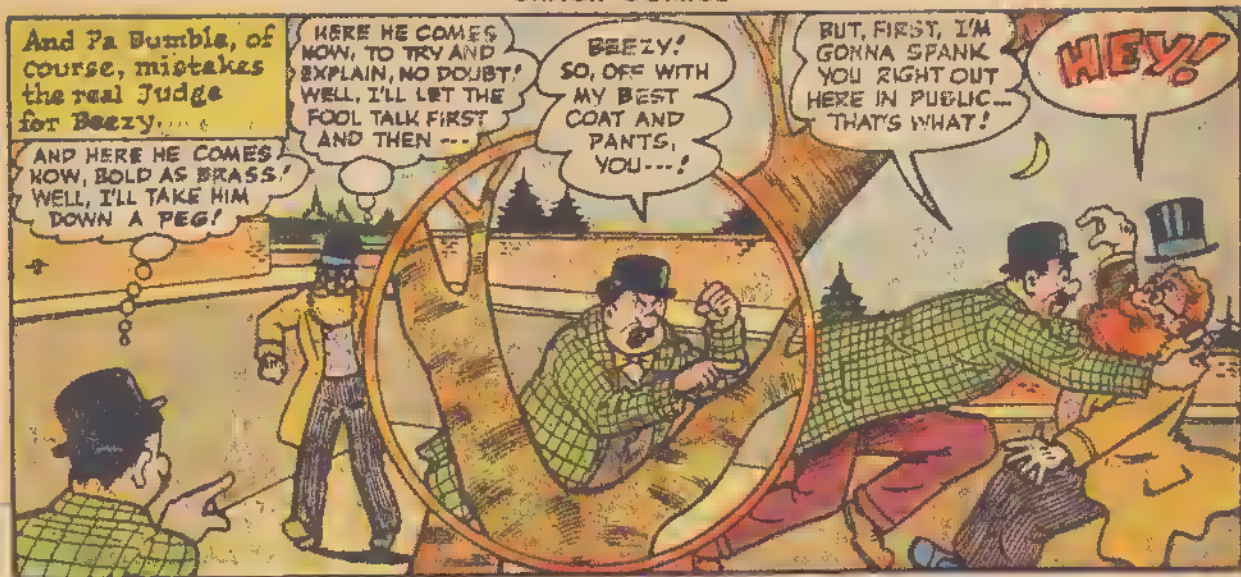
AUGUST MEMBER OF THE BENCH, INDEED!

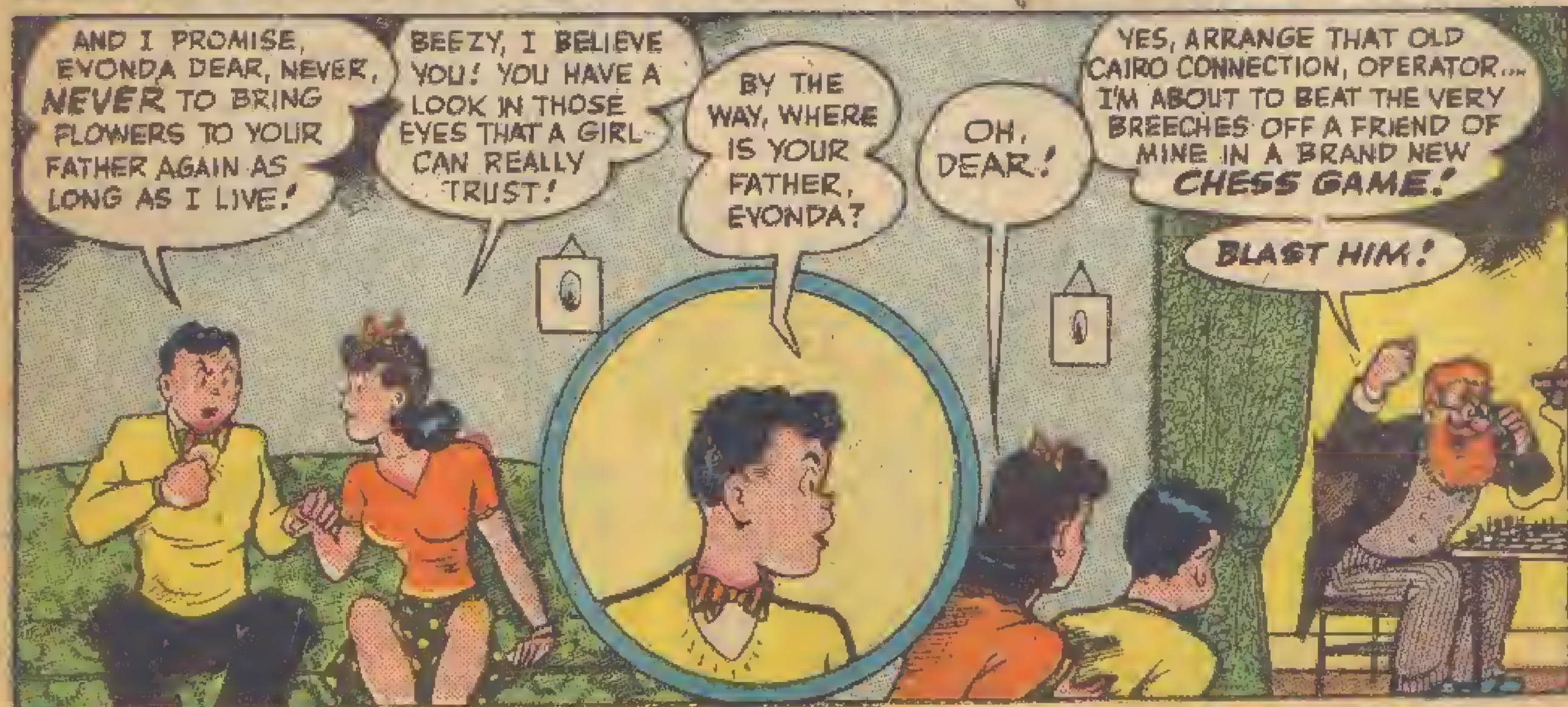
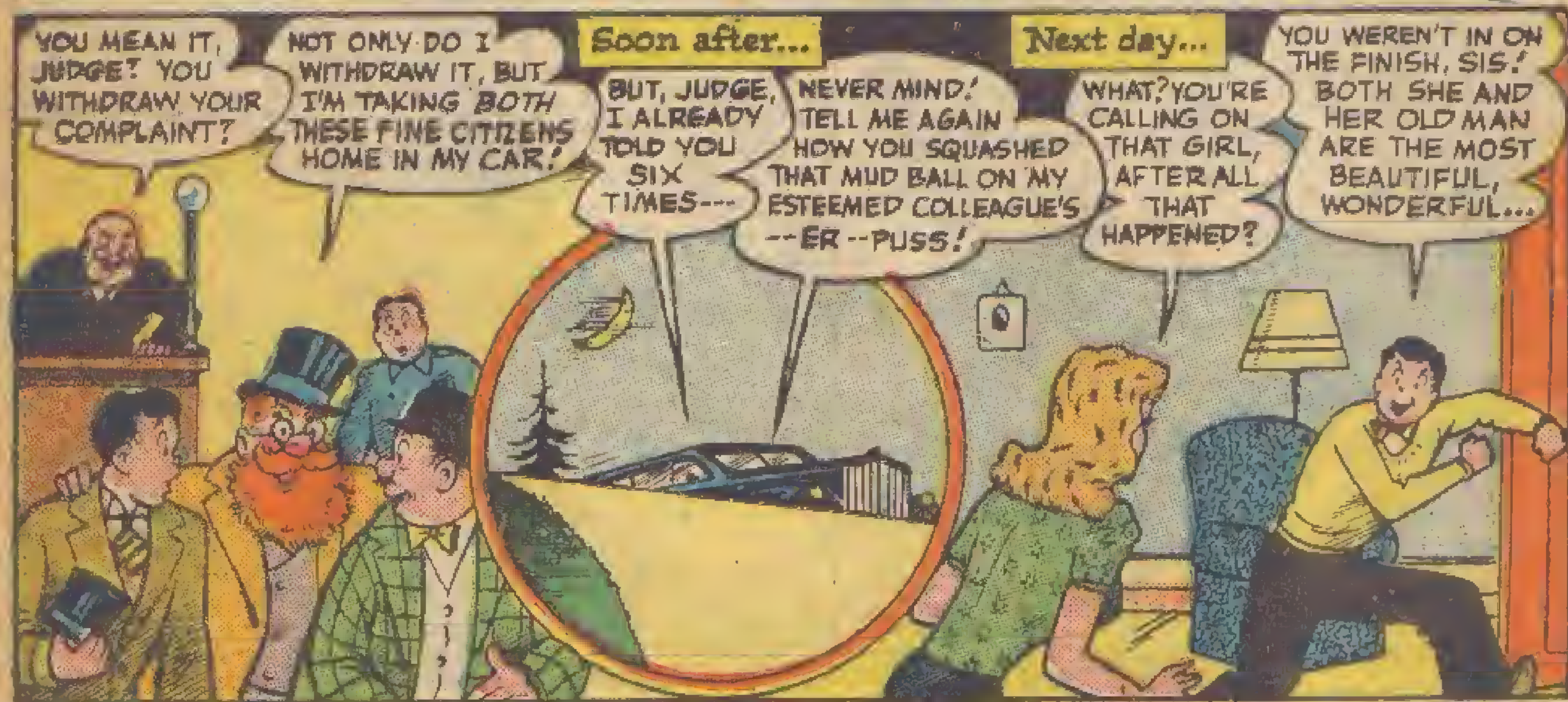
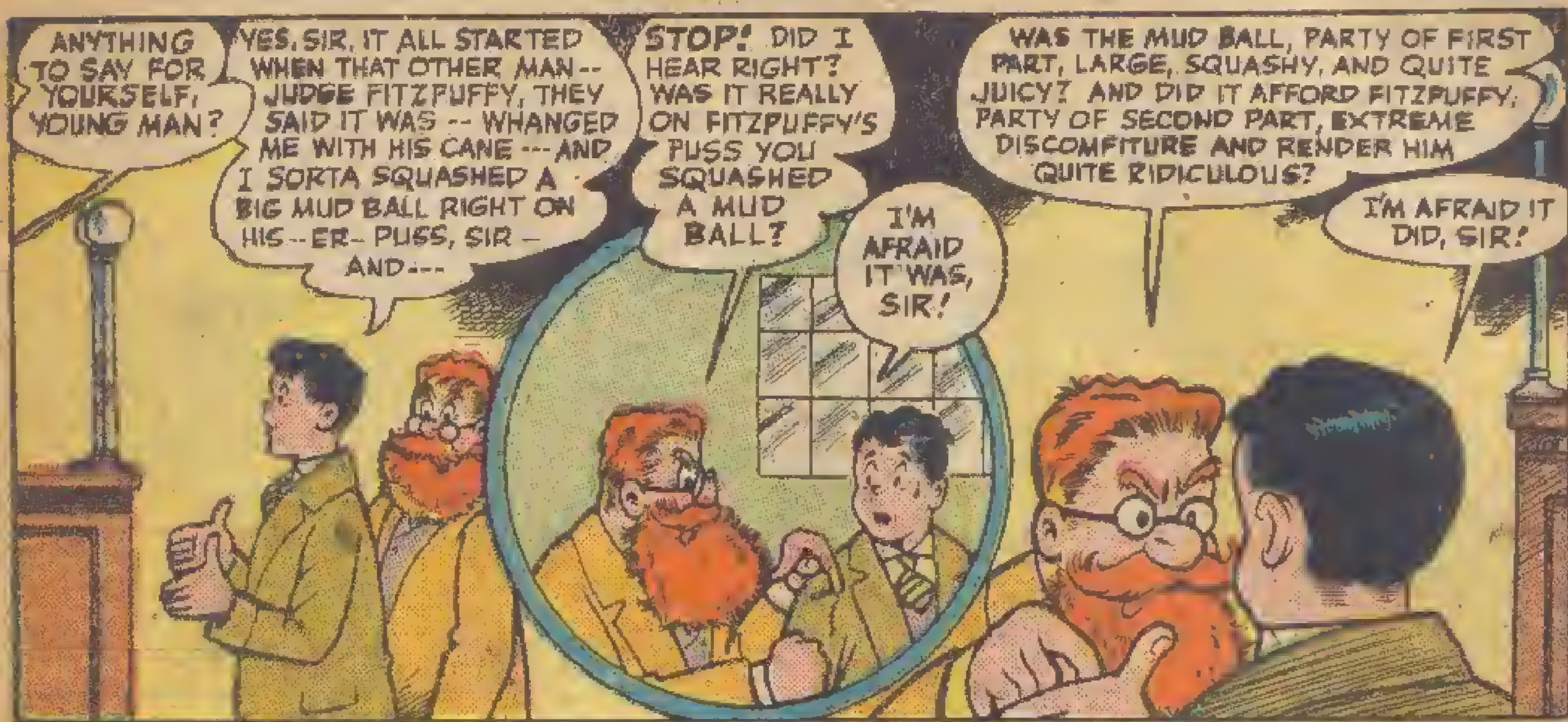
GANGWAY, PLEASE!

AH, NOW I CAN DITCH THIS THING AND WALK --- I'VE ONLY A BLOCK TO GO!

ONE MINUTE!

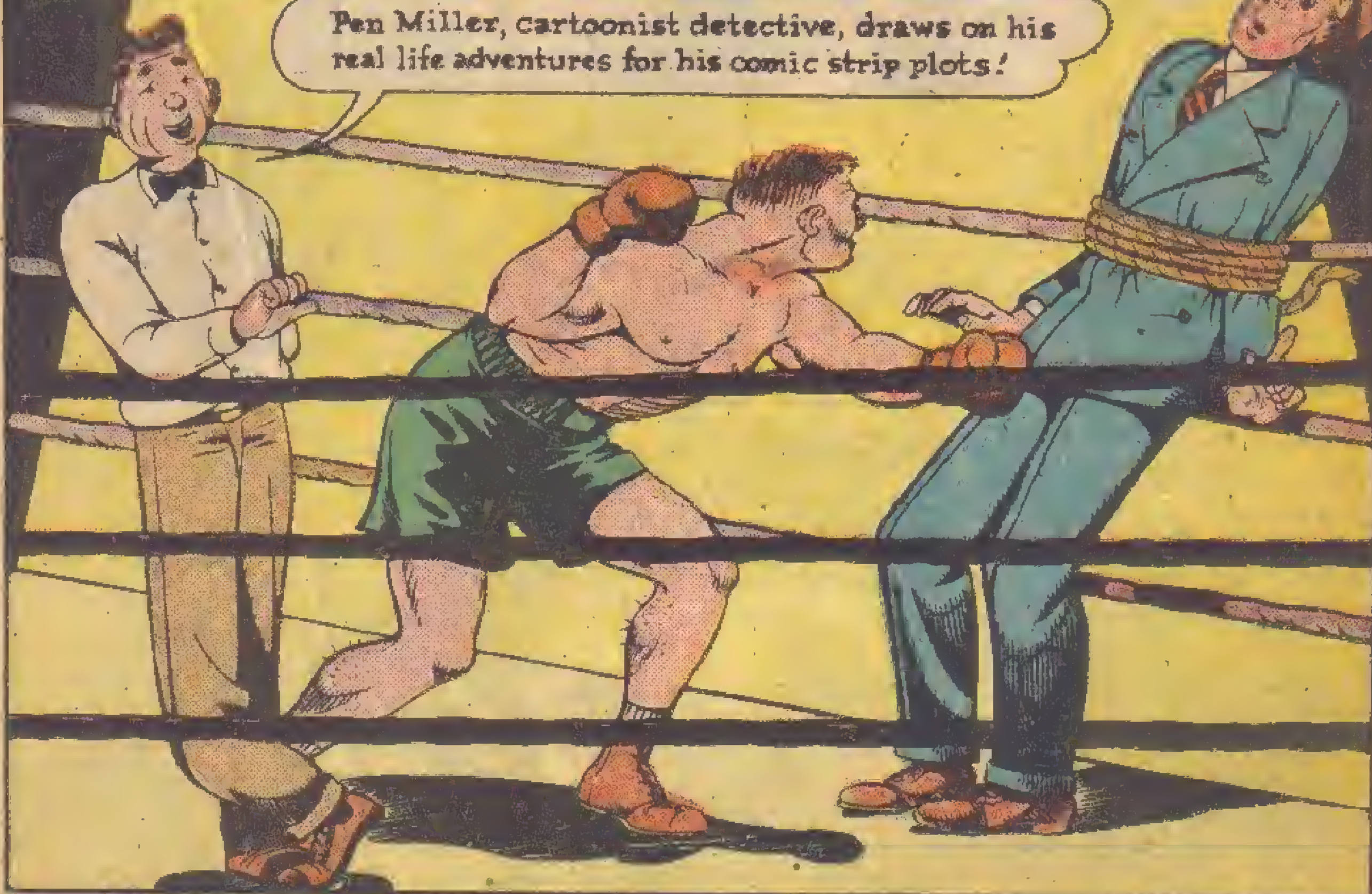






PEN MILLER

Pen Miller, cartoonist detective, draws on his real life adventures for his comic strip plots!



In Pen Miller's studio...

LOOK AT YOU, MILLER --- YOU'RE A MESS! HOW MANY MORE TIMES DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ON THESE GANGS SINGLE-HANDED AND GET AWAY WITH IT?

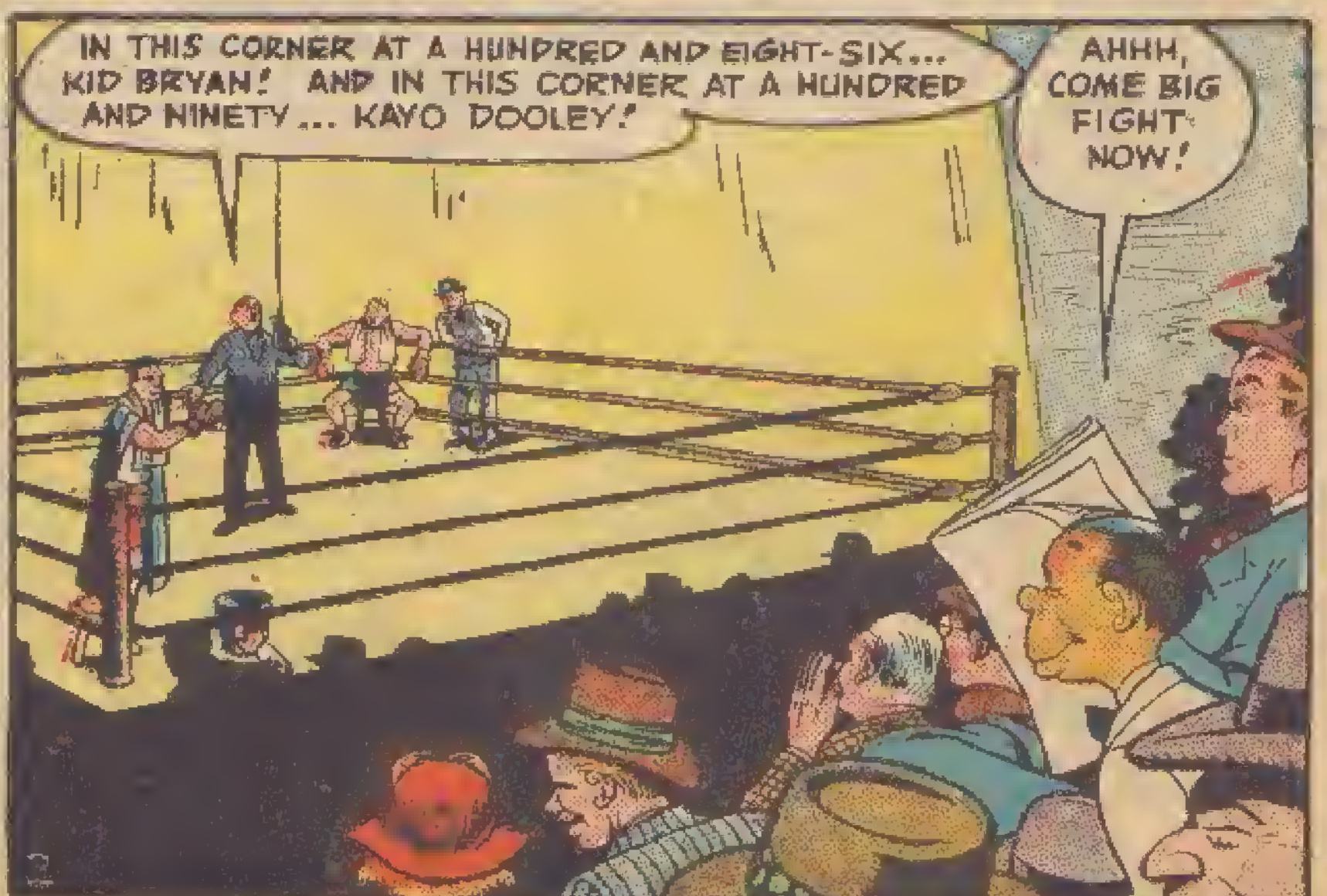
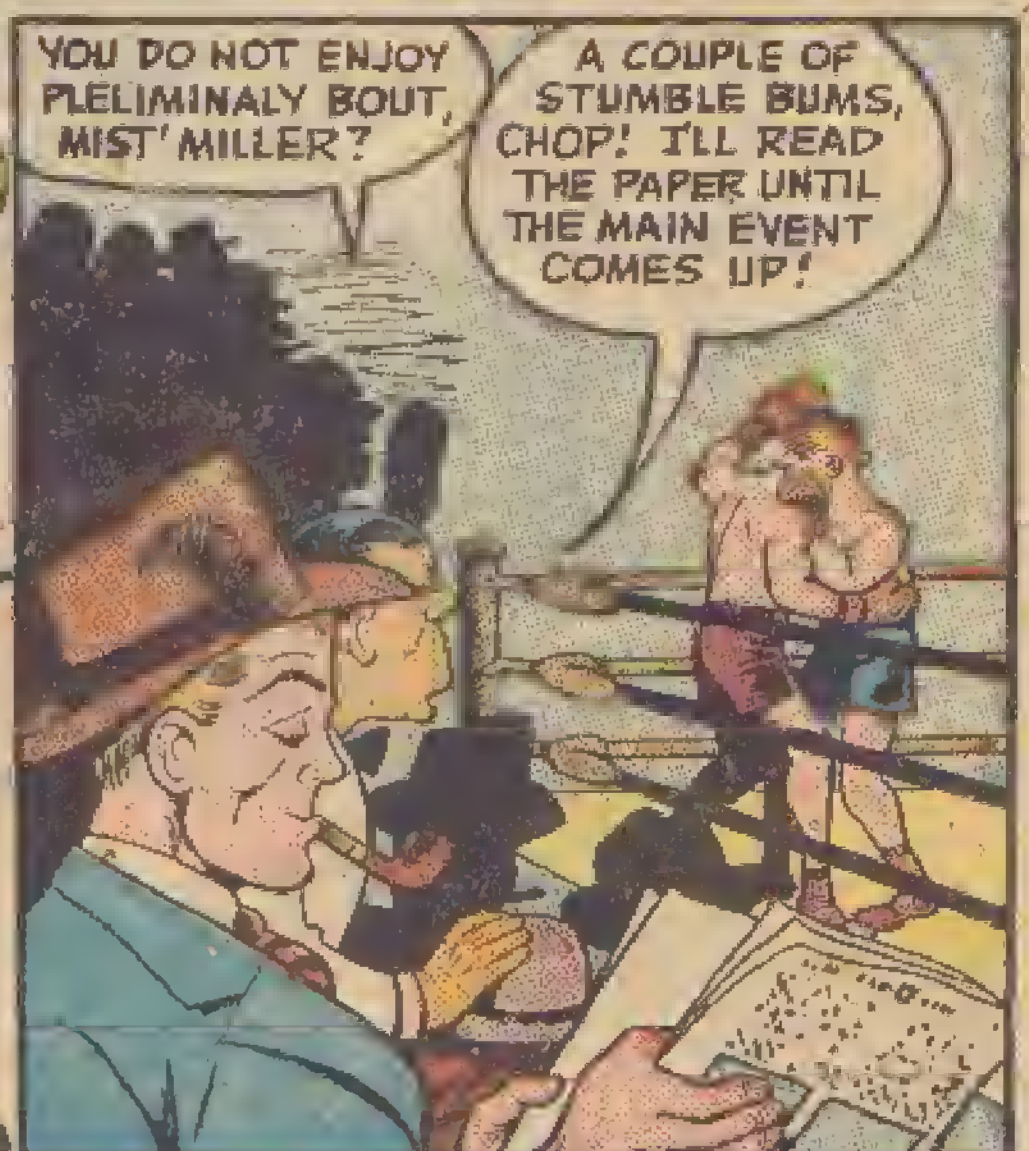
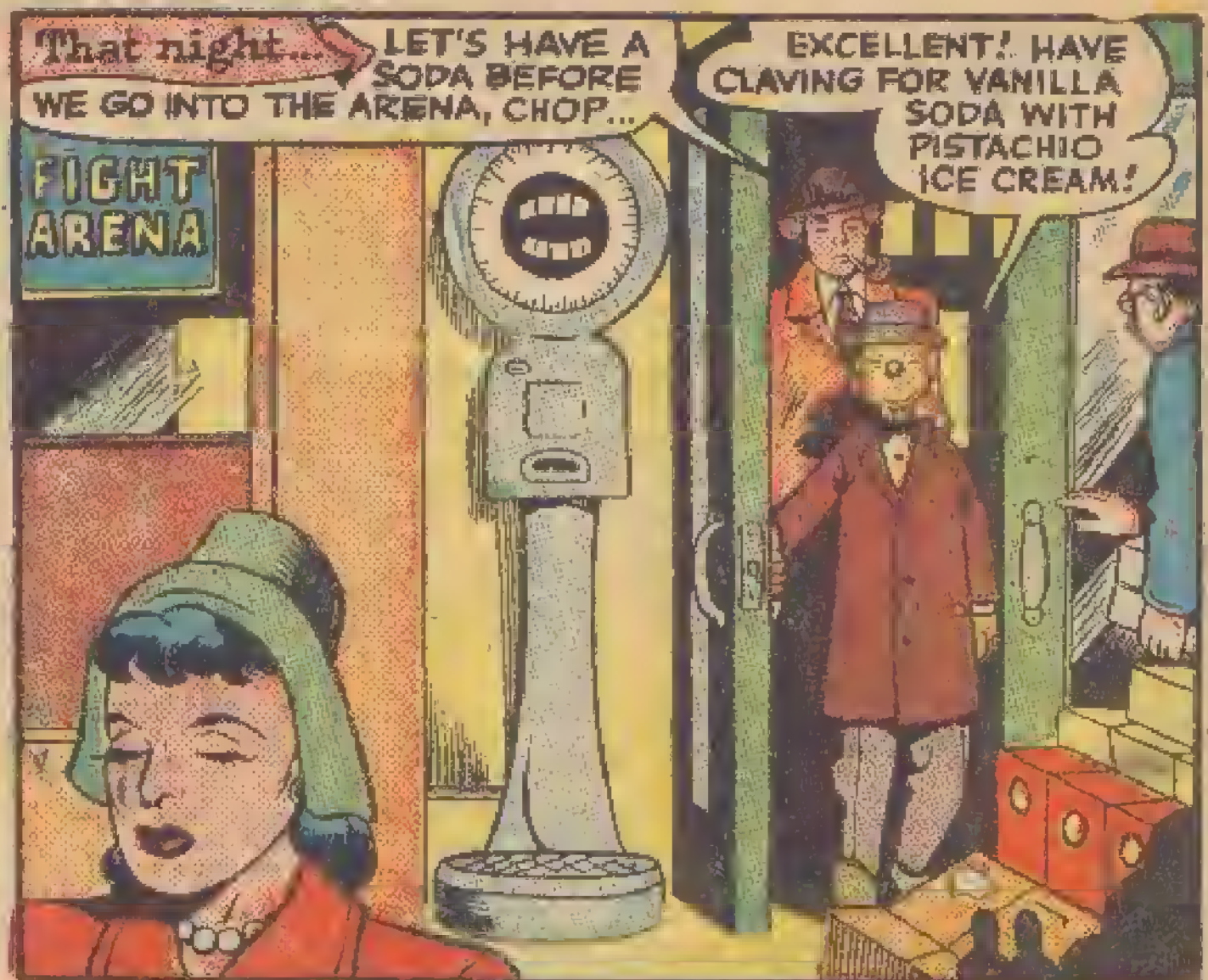
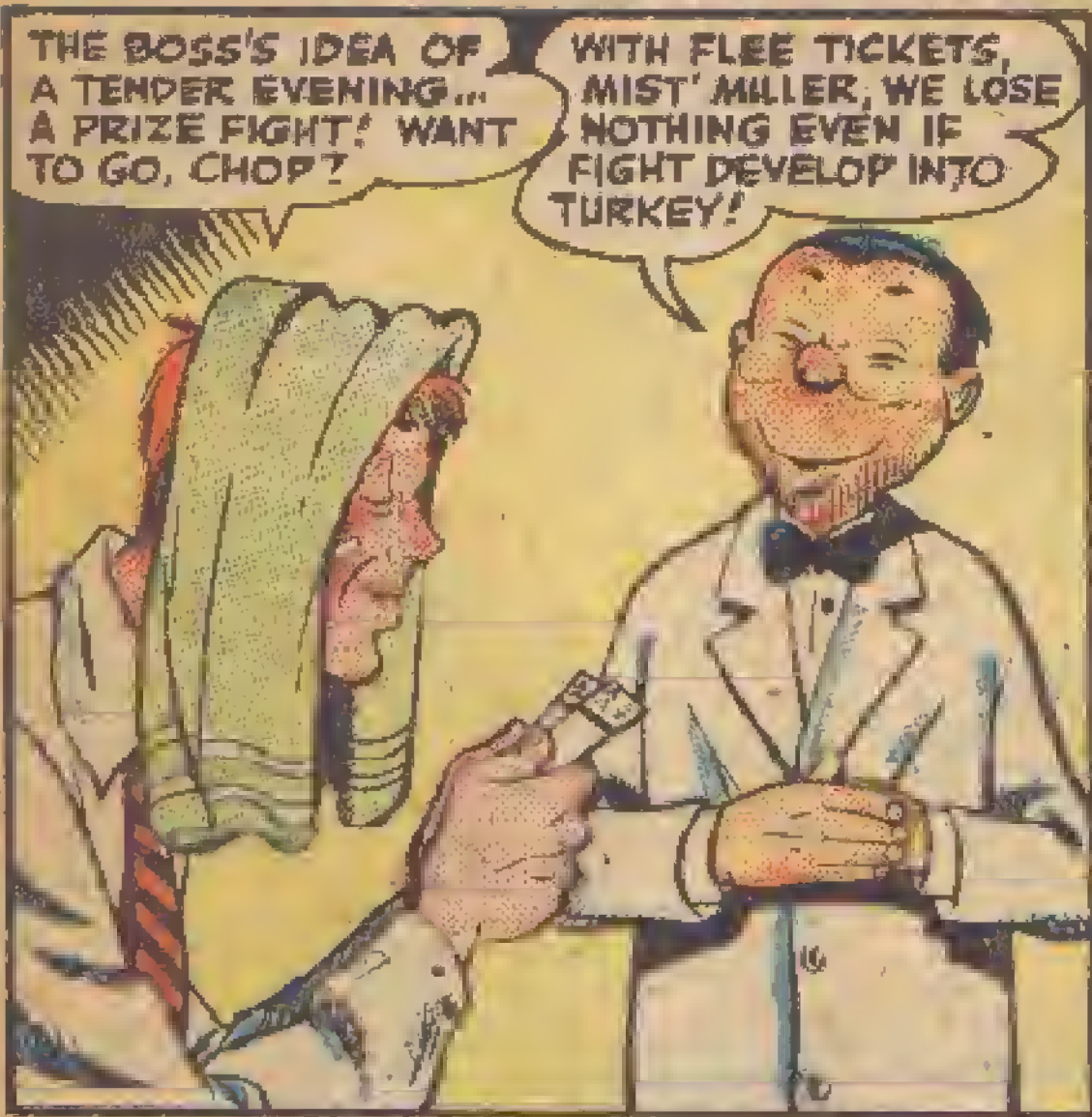
DON'T WORRY, BOSS... I'M ALL RIGHT!

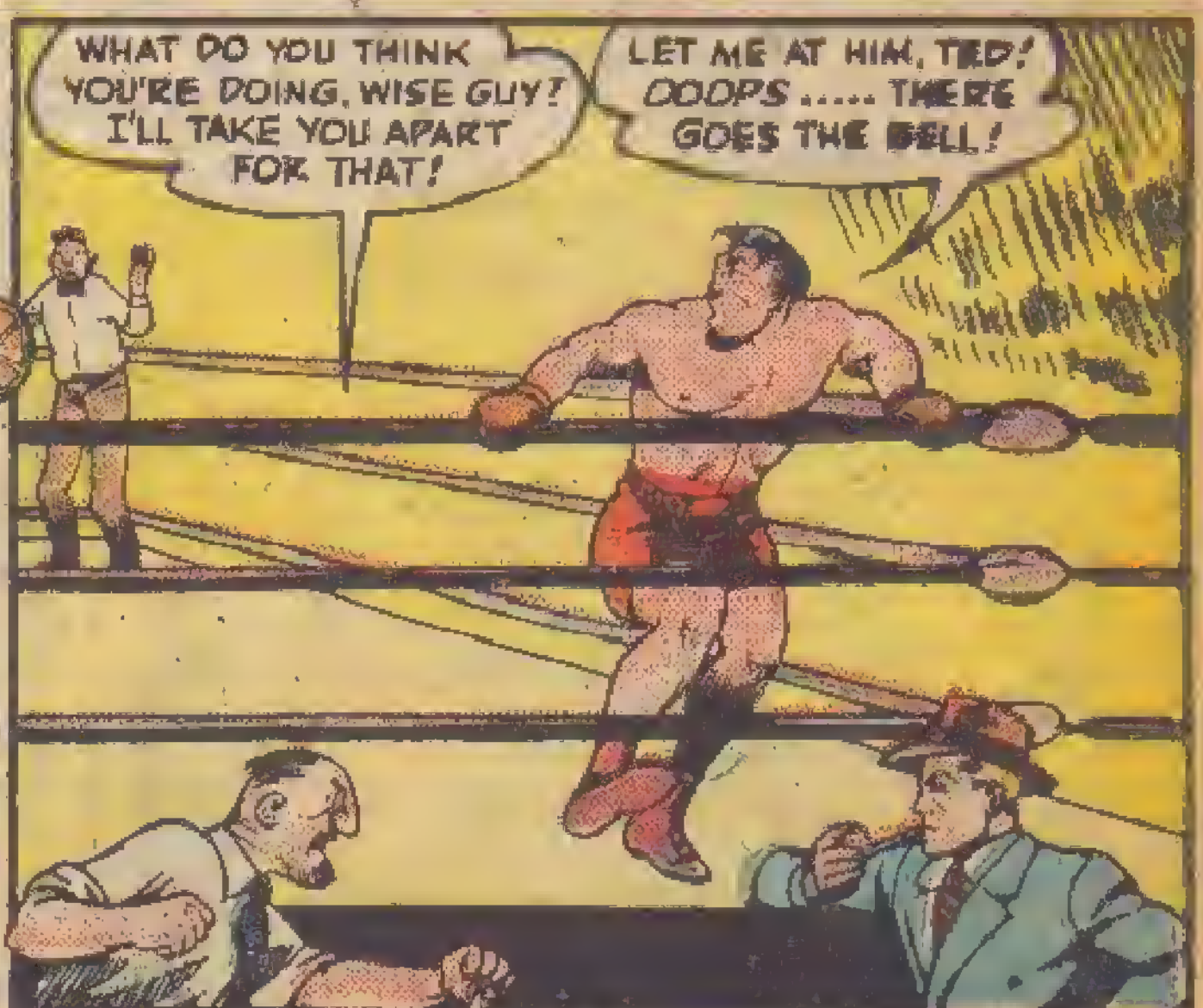
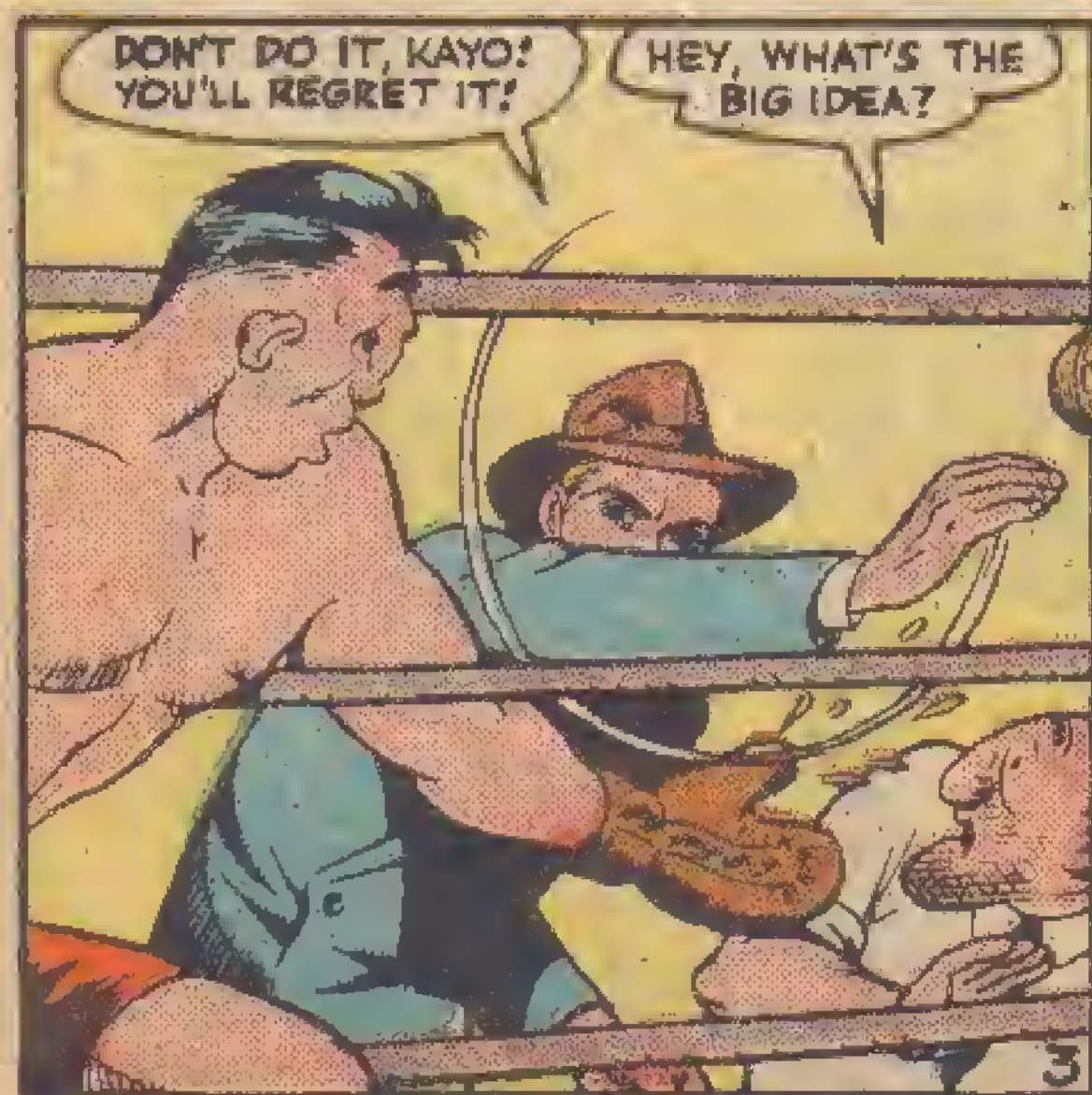
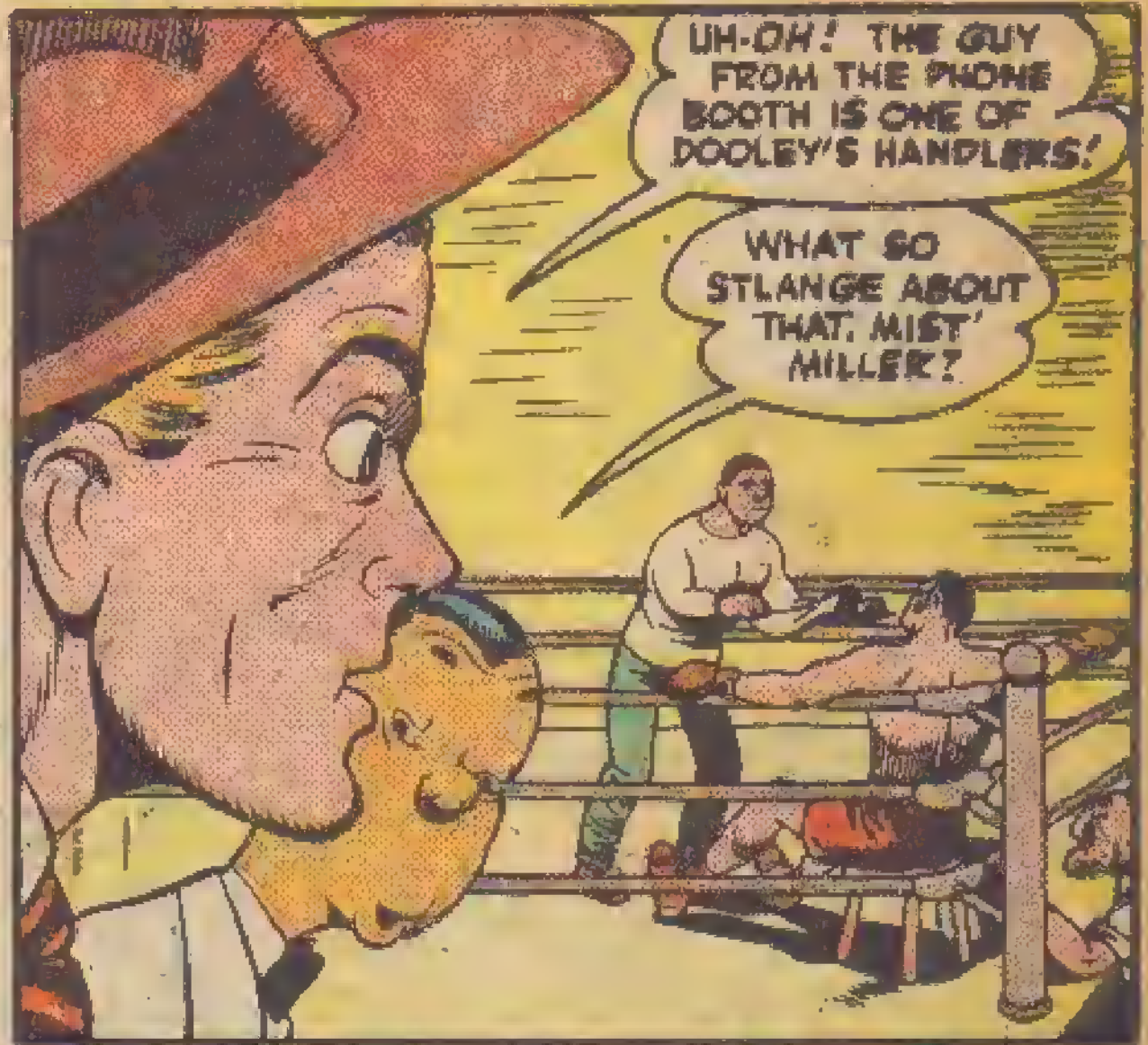
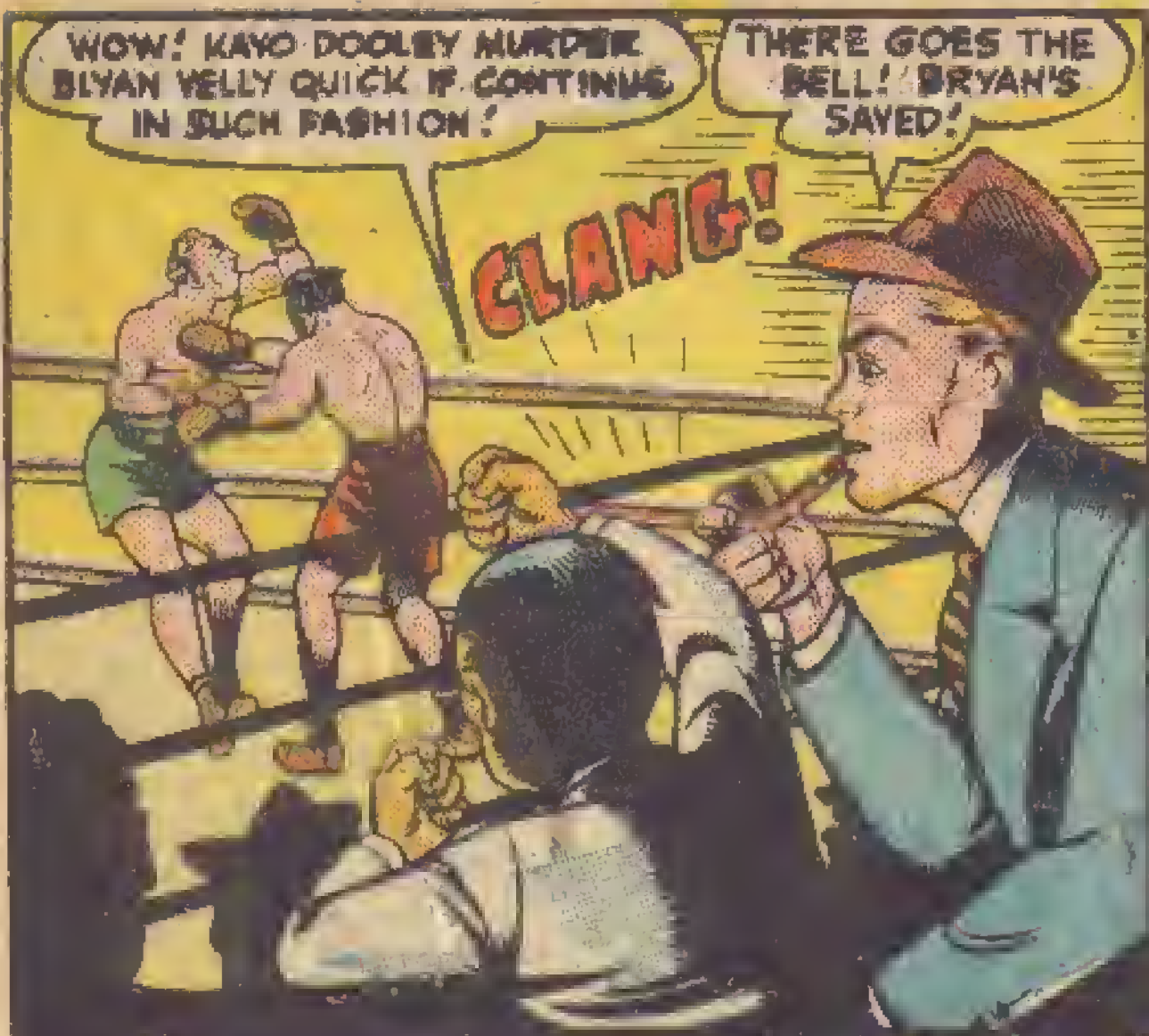
ALL RIGHT, HE SAYS! PEN, YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO ME! YOU WON'T LIVE LONG AT THIS RATE AND A DEAD CARTOONIST IS NO GOOD TO ME! RELAX FOR A WHILE! FILL THE STRIP WITH KID STUFF... ANIMALS AND THINGS!

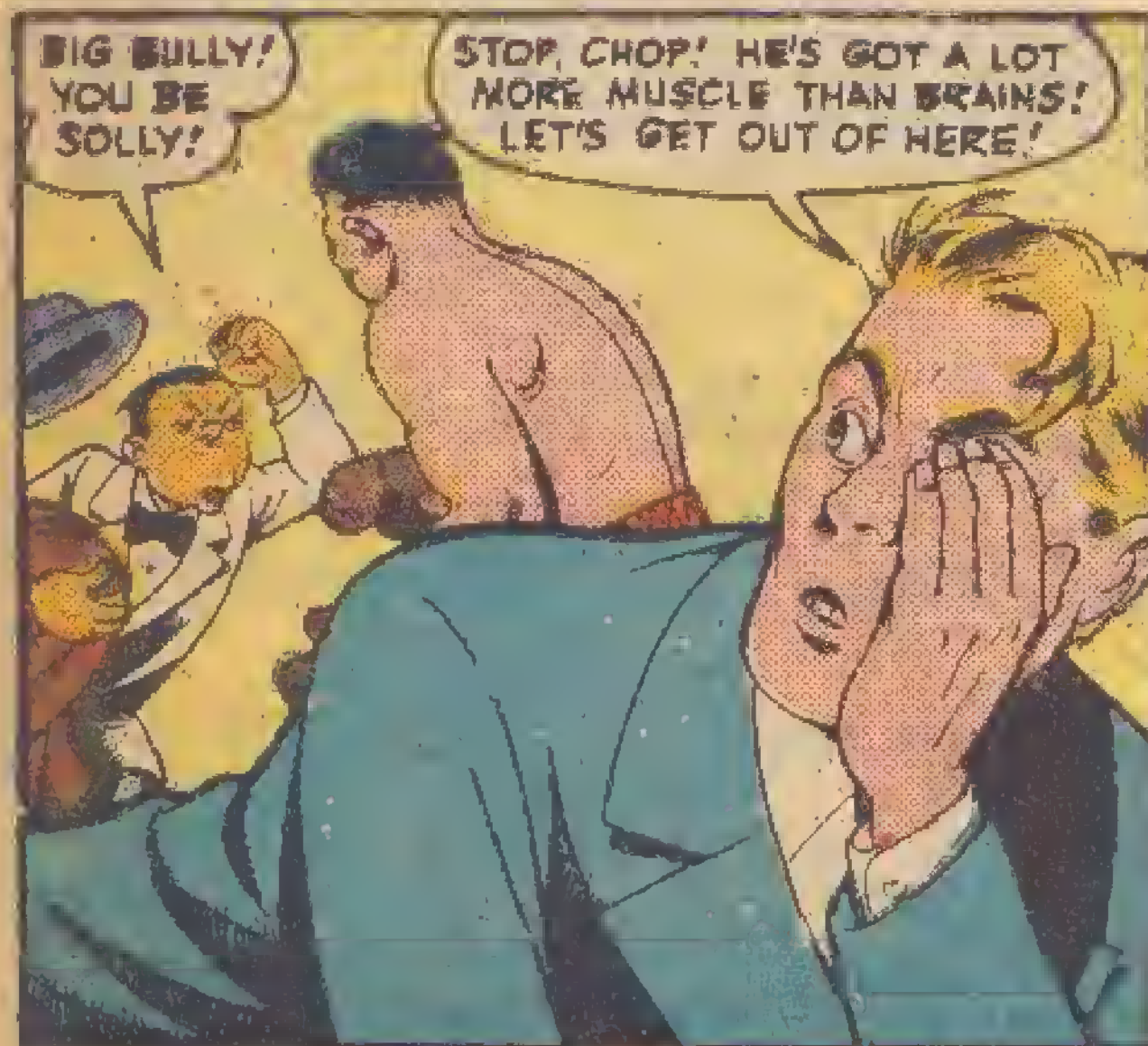
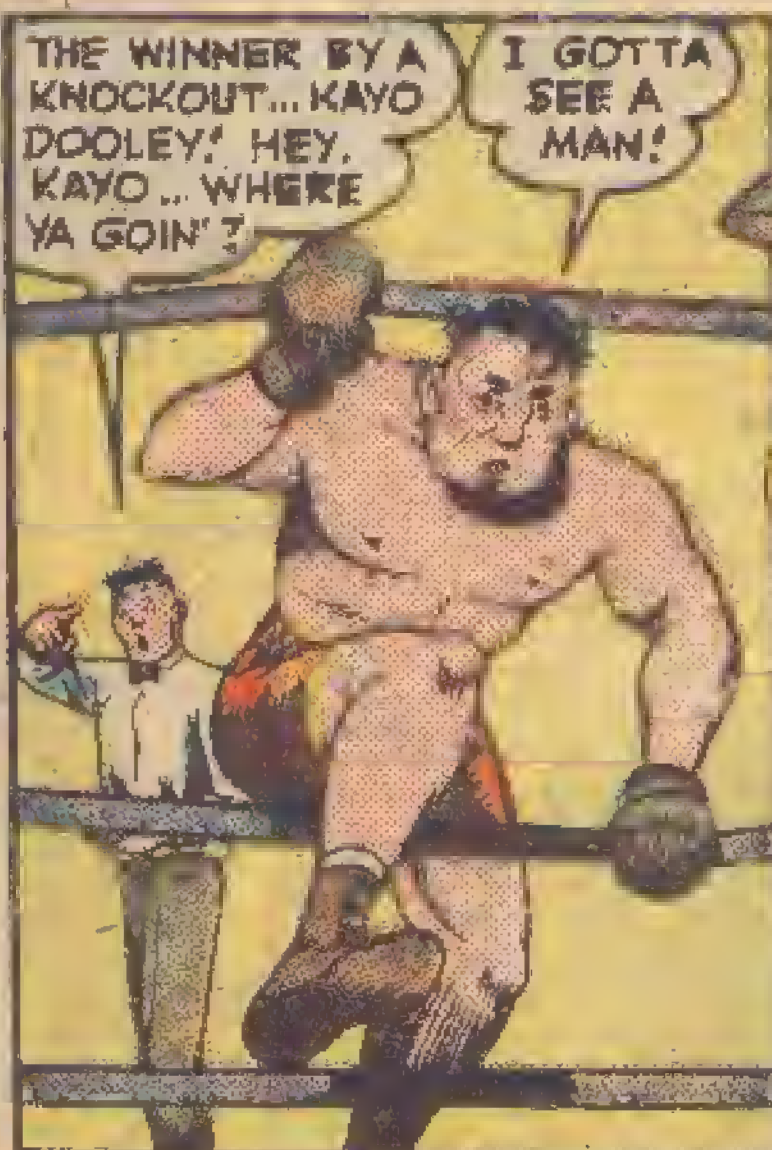
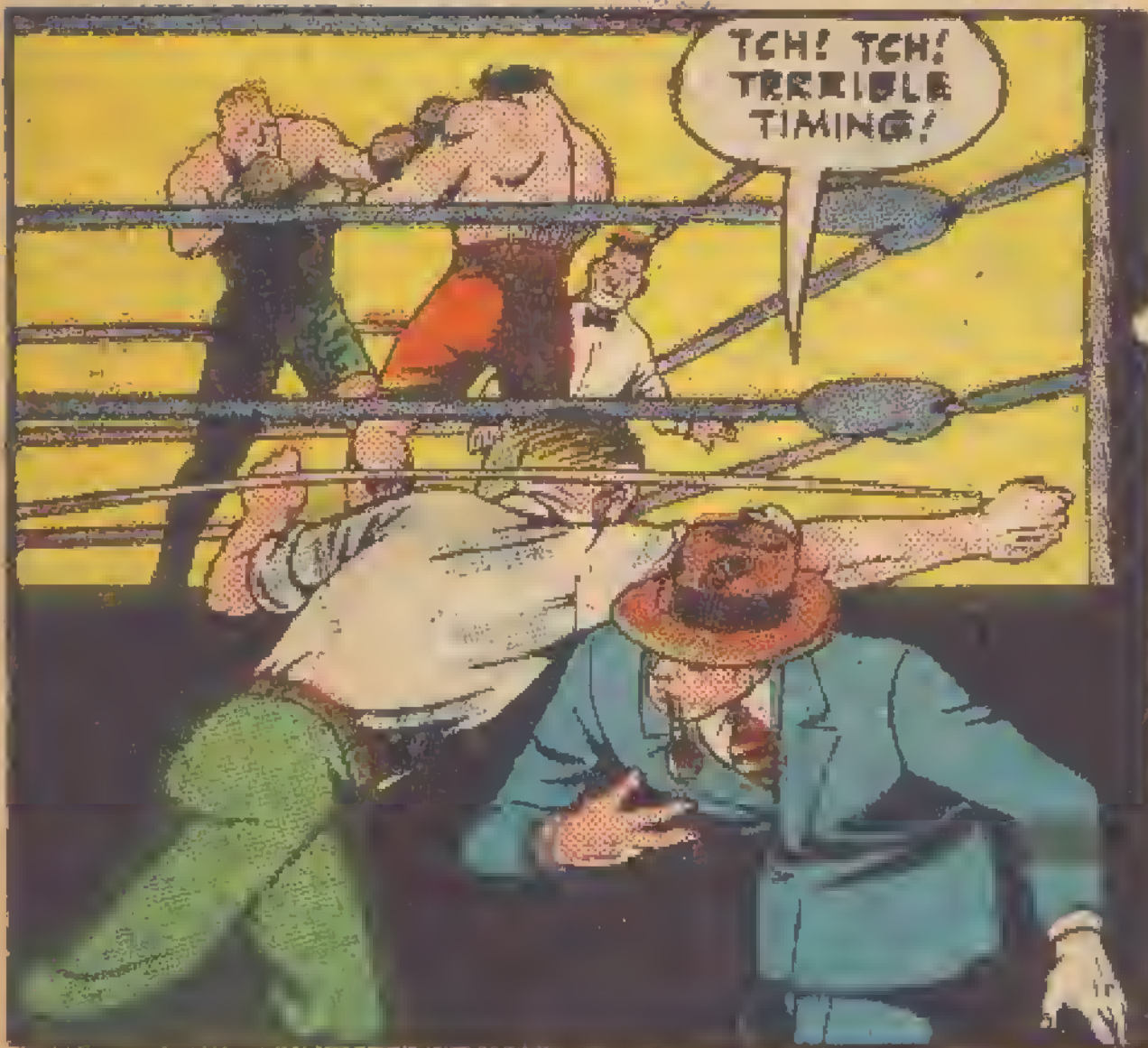
AND FIND SOME RECREATION OTHER THAN HUNTING HOODPLUMS! HERE ARE TWO TICKETS FOR THE BRYAN-DOOLEY FIGHT --- USE THEM AND HAVE SOME FUN FOR A CHANGE!

WELL... THANKS!

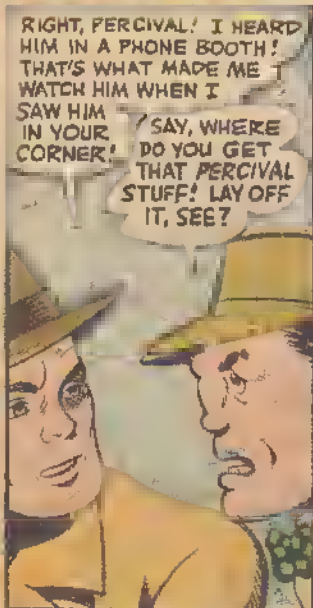
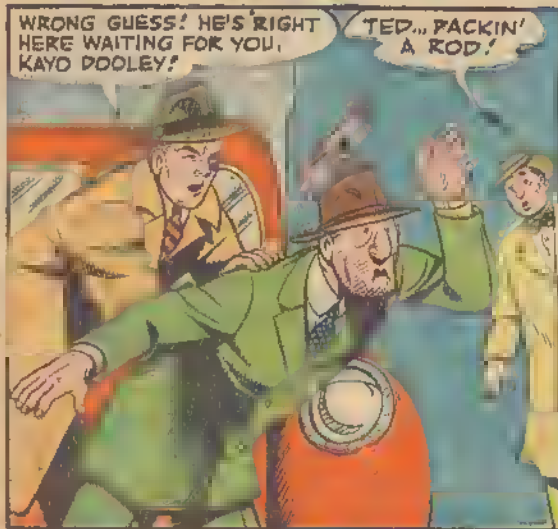




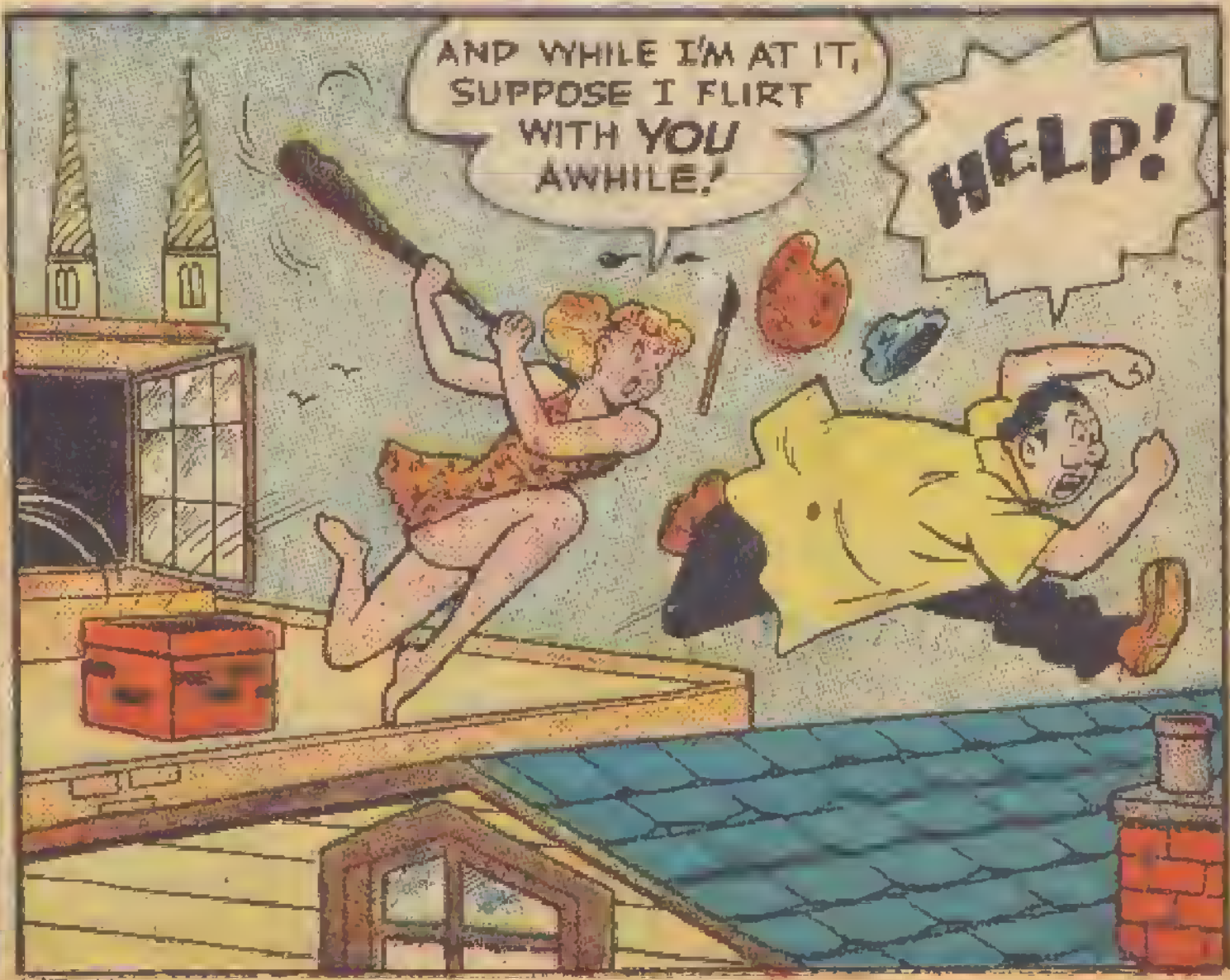
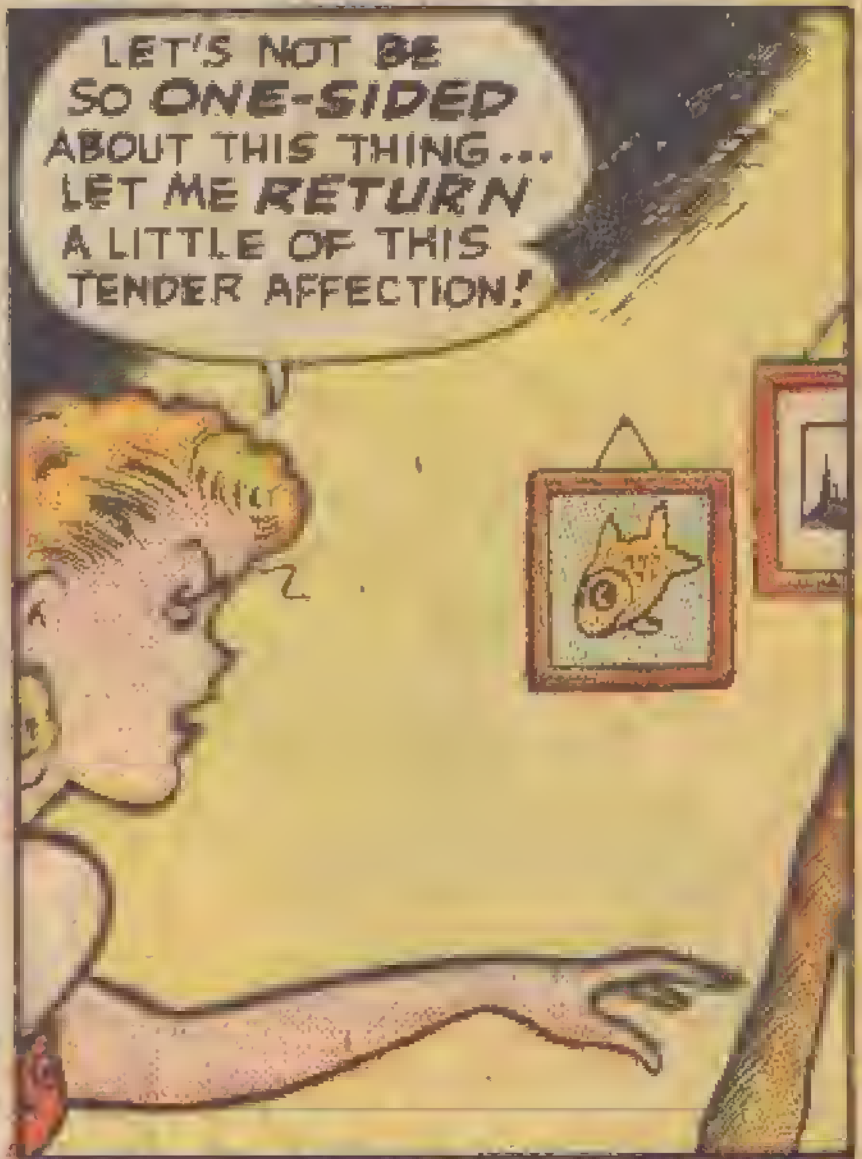
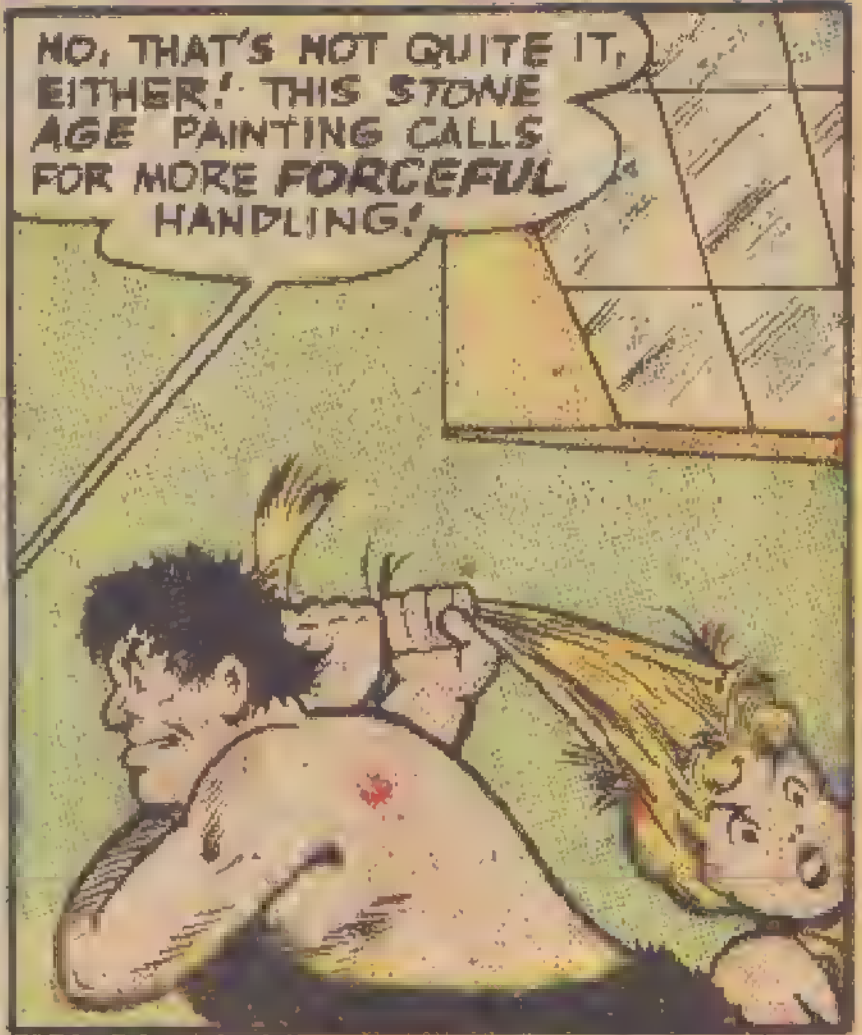




CRACK COMICS

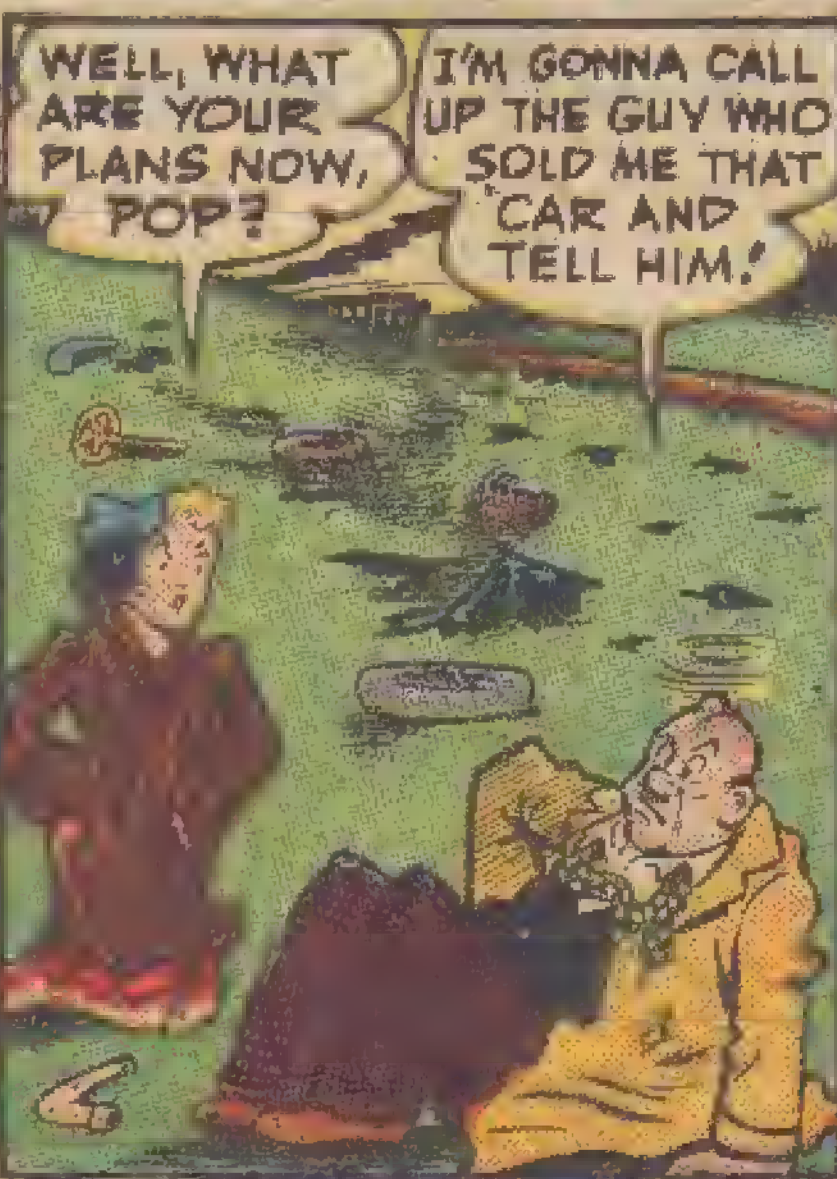
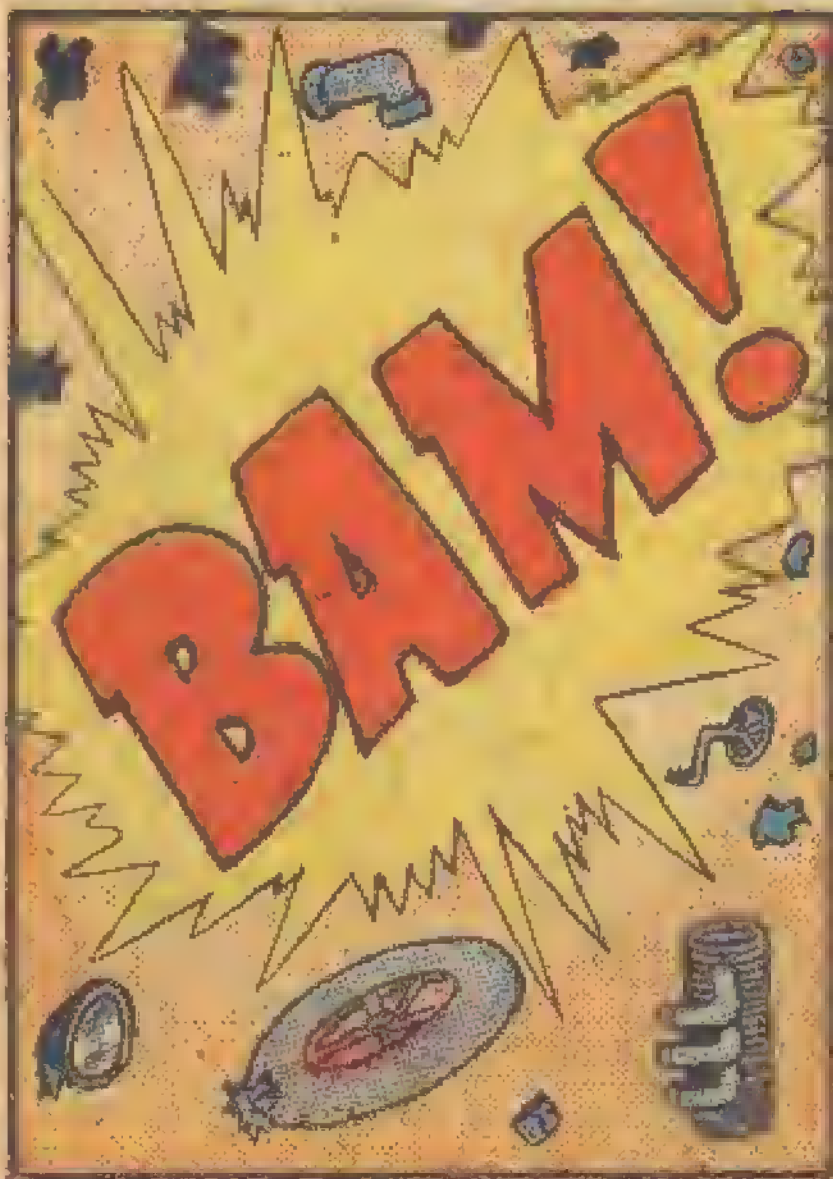
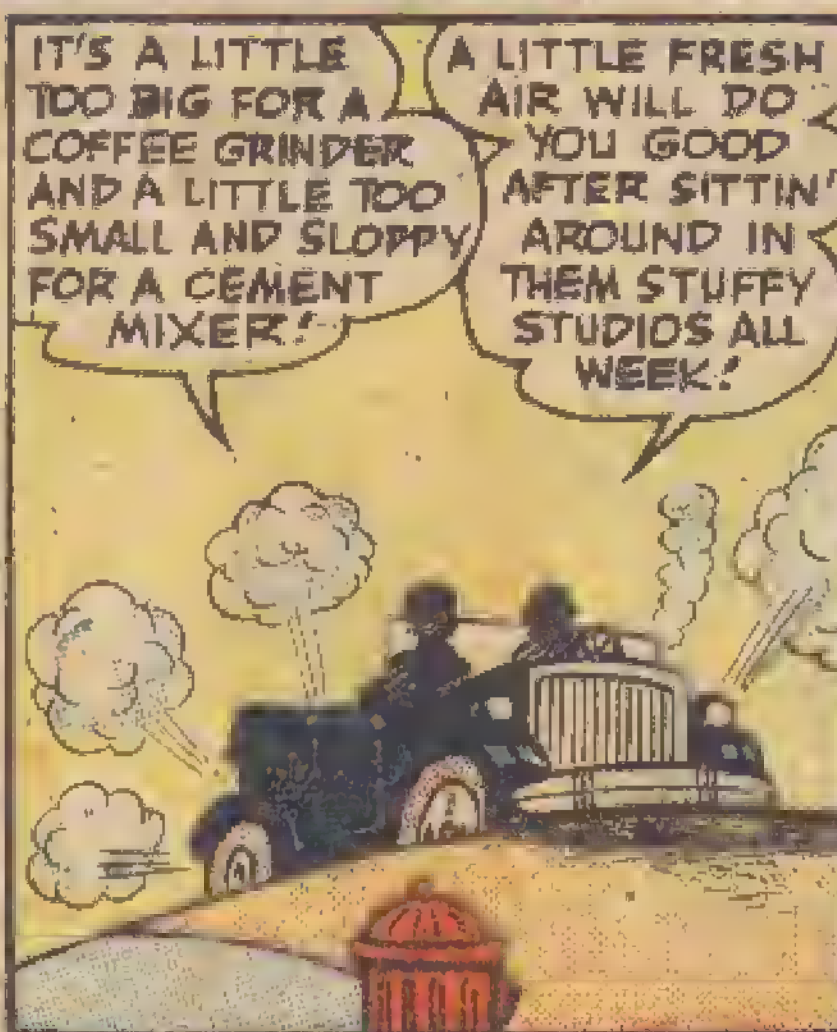


MOLLY THE MODEL

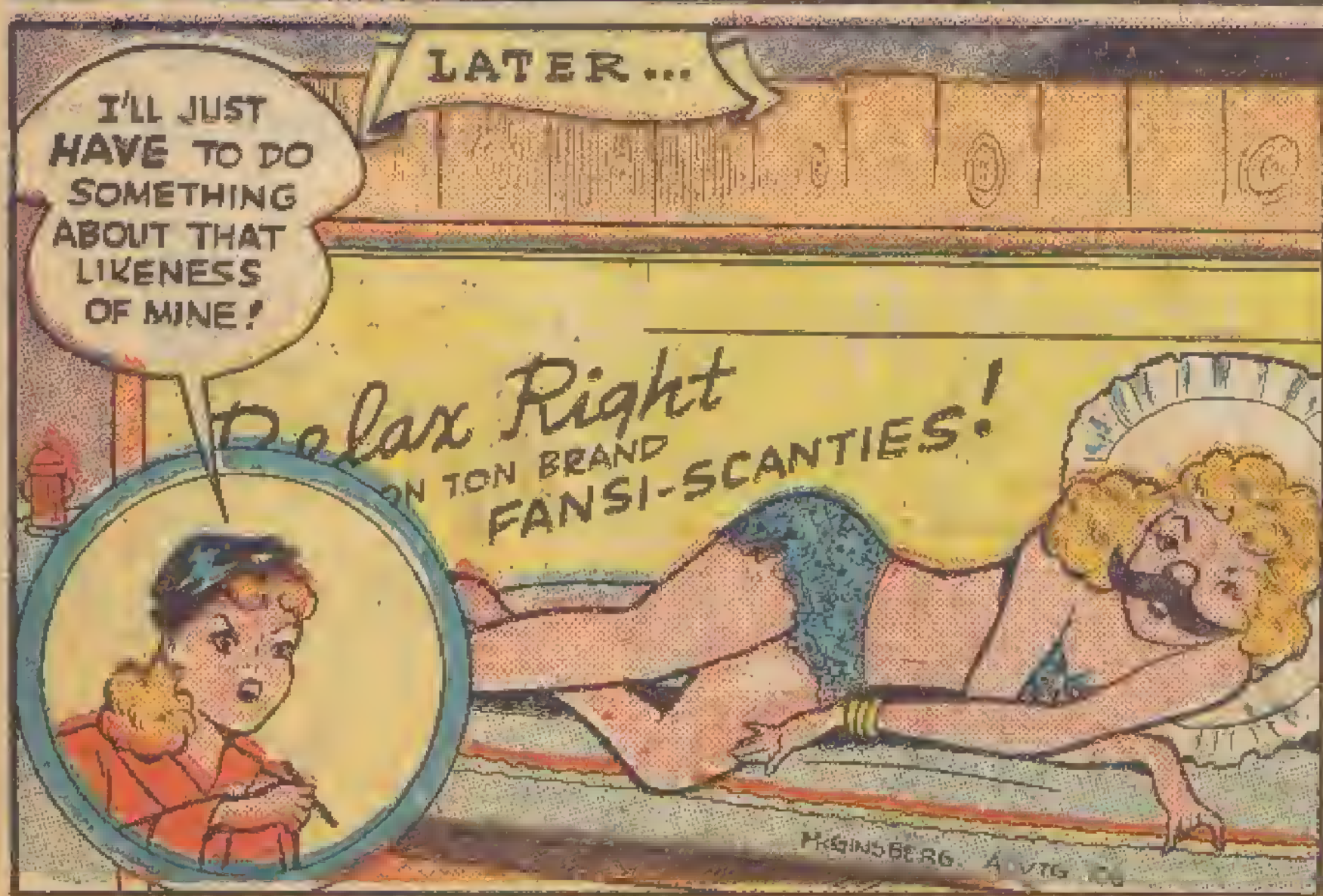
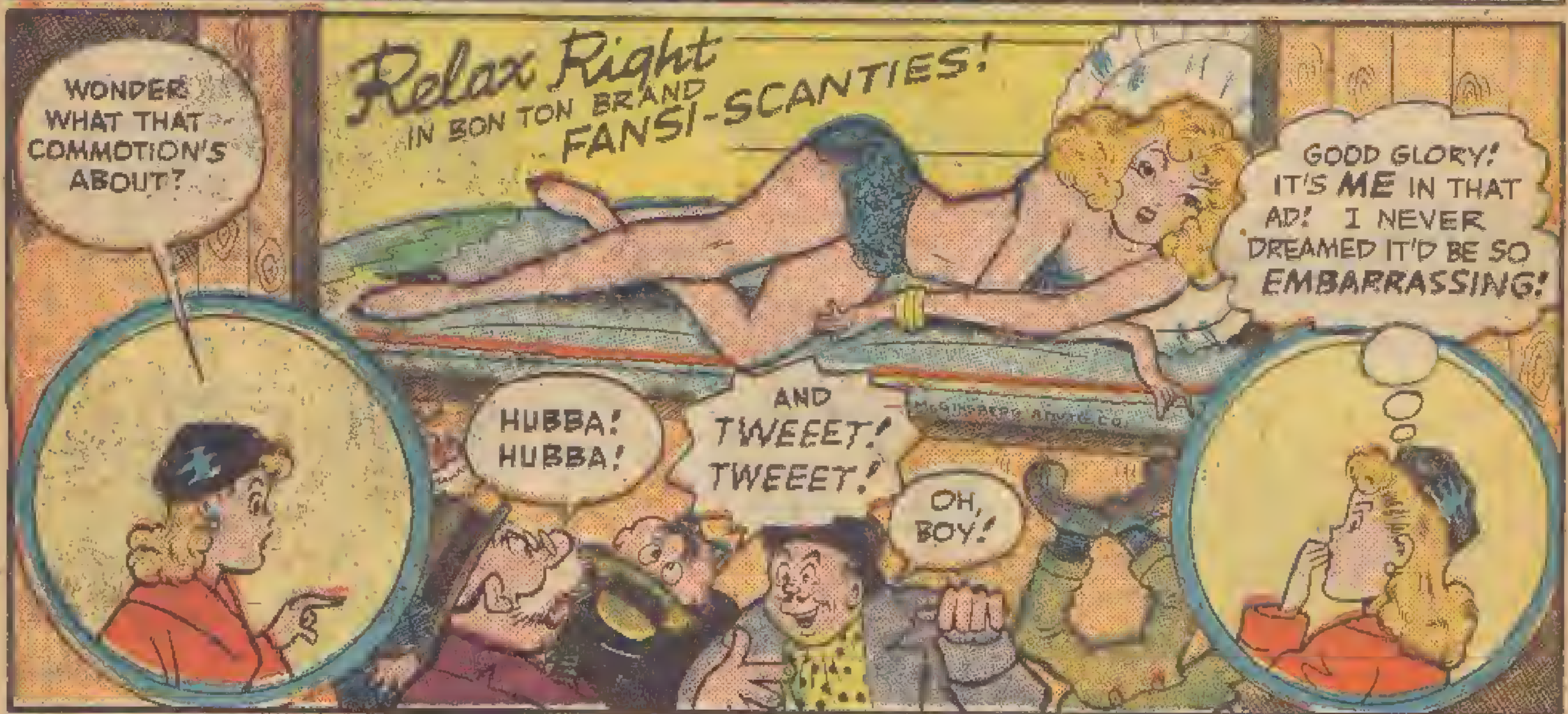
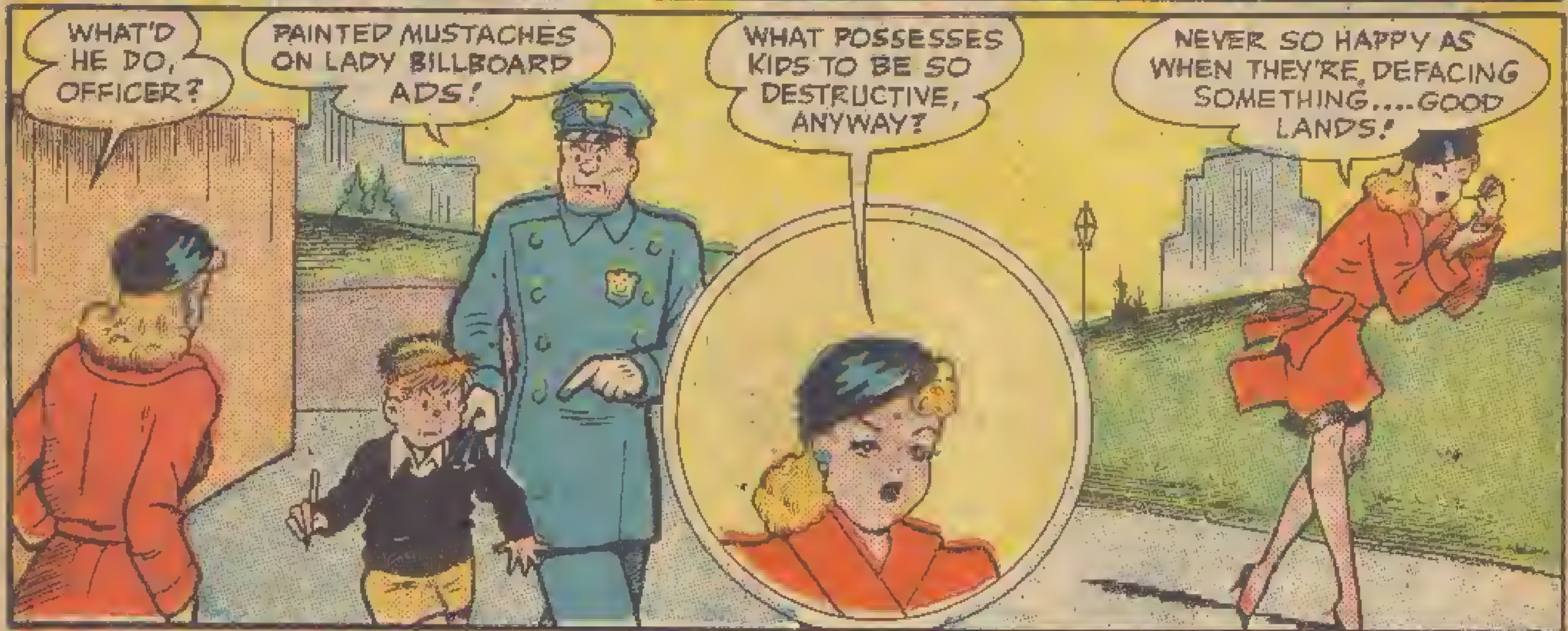


HELP!

MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL



HACK O'HARA

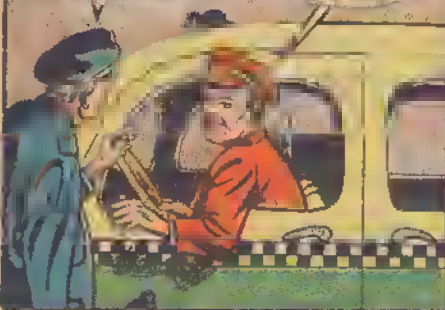


New York's toughest cabby loves good music -- especially the music of hard knuckles playing on a chiseler's chin!

In their spare time, Hack and his pal, Officer Casey, would rather argue than eat....

NAW, YOU'RE WRONG, O'HARA! I'M TELLIN' YUH, YOU CAN'T TELL A CROOK BY HIS FACE! THE WORST OF 'EM LOOK LIKE GENTLEMEN AND...

PHOOEY! ANY DAY I CAN'T SPOT A HOT SHOT BY HIS KISSER!



I'M WASTIN' ME TIME ARGUING WITH A BLOCK-HEADED NUMB-SKULLED HACKER!

YEH? SAME TO YOU, YOU BAT-BRAINED BOG TROTTER!

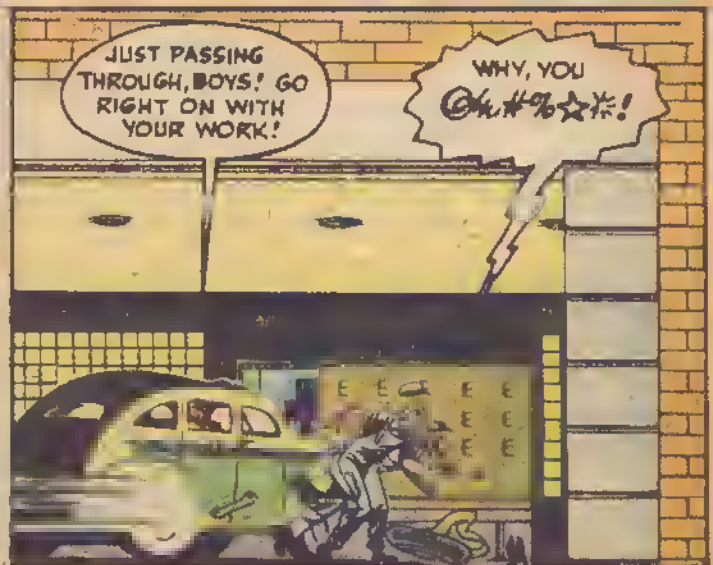
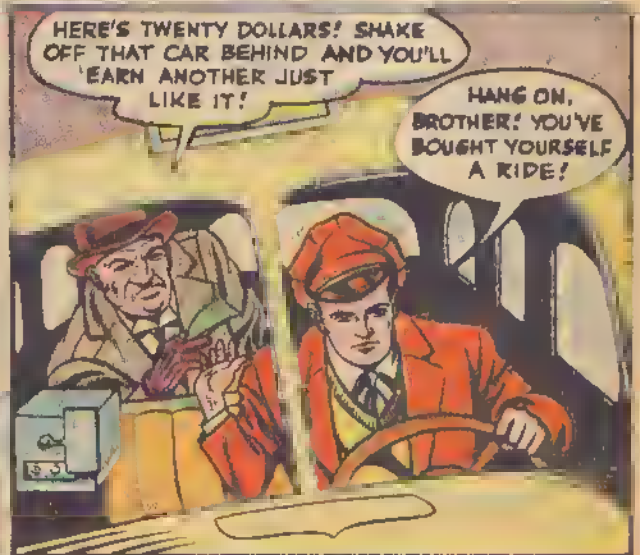
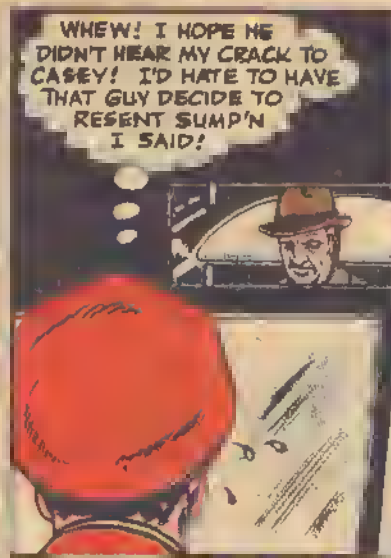


I WAS TOSSING HOODS OUTA MY HACK WHEN THE JUNIOR POLICE WERE STILL HELPING YOU AND YOUR NURSIE THROUGH TRAFFIC!

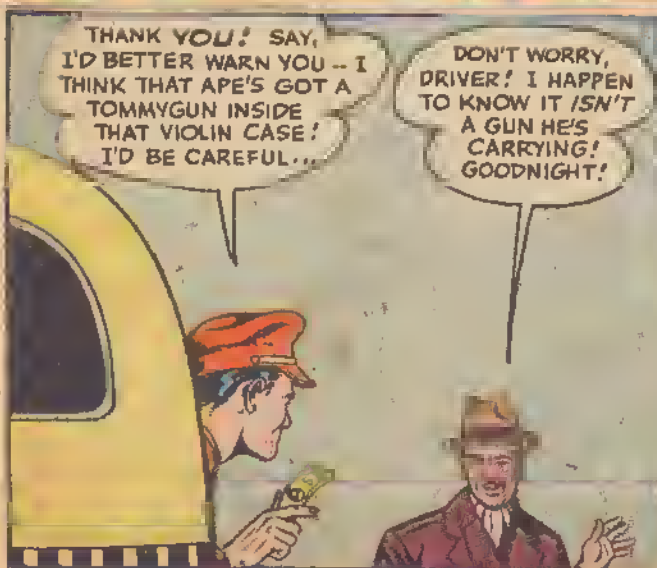
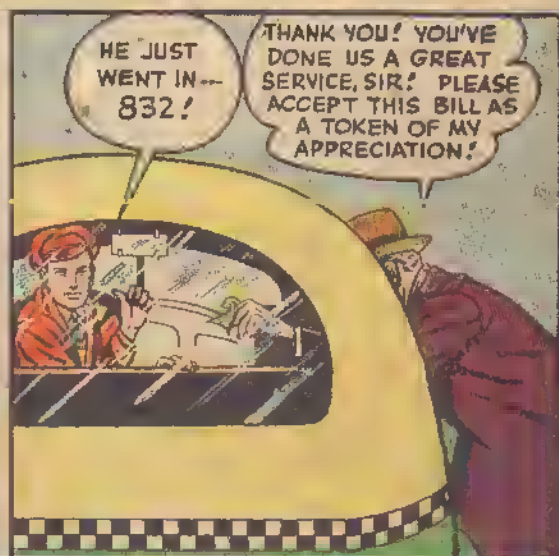
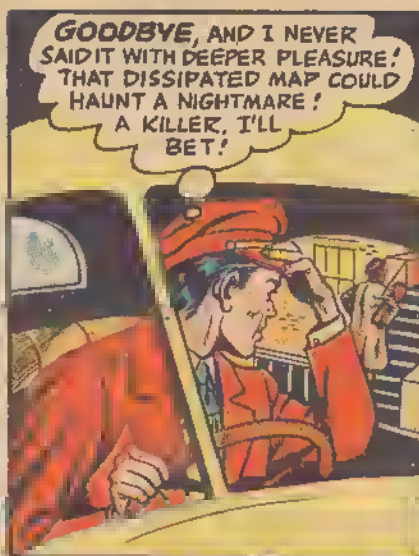
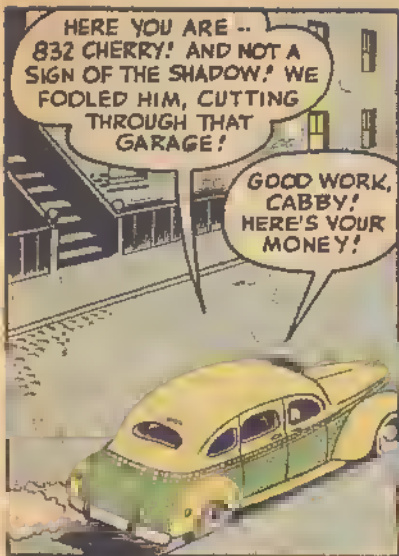
I BEG YOUR PARDON!

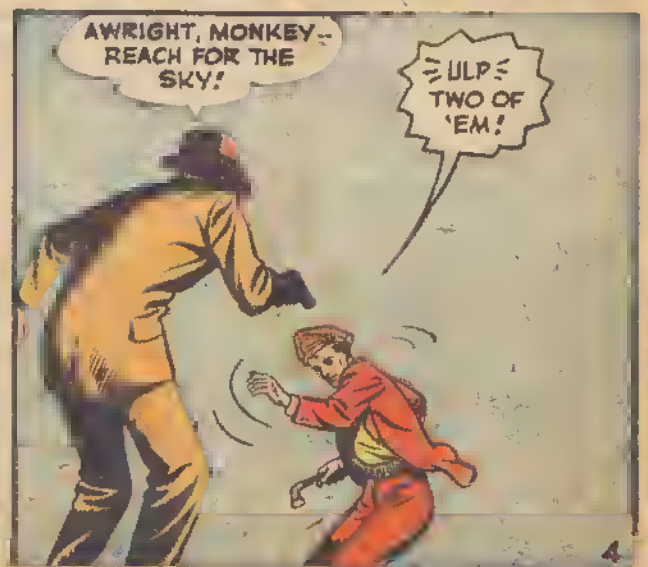


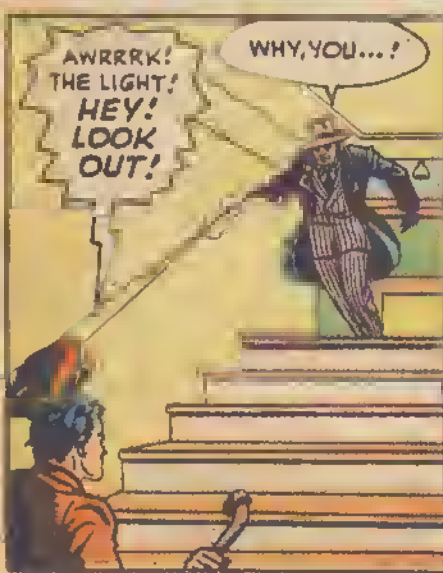
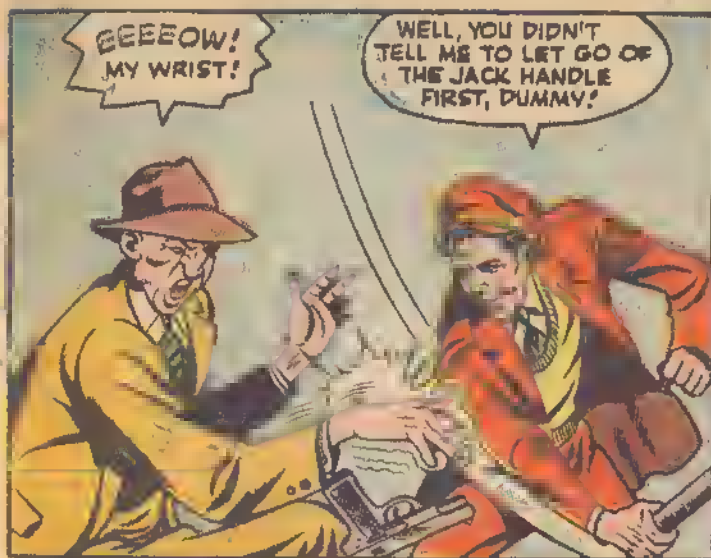
CRACK COMICS

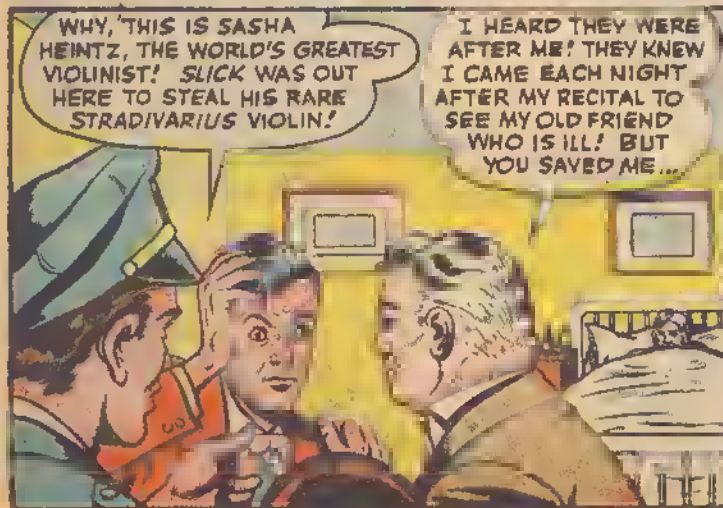


CRACK COMICS









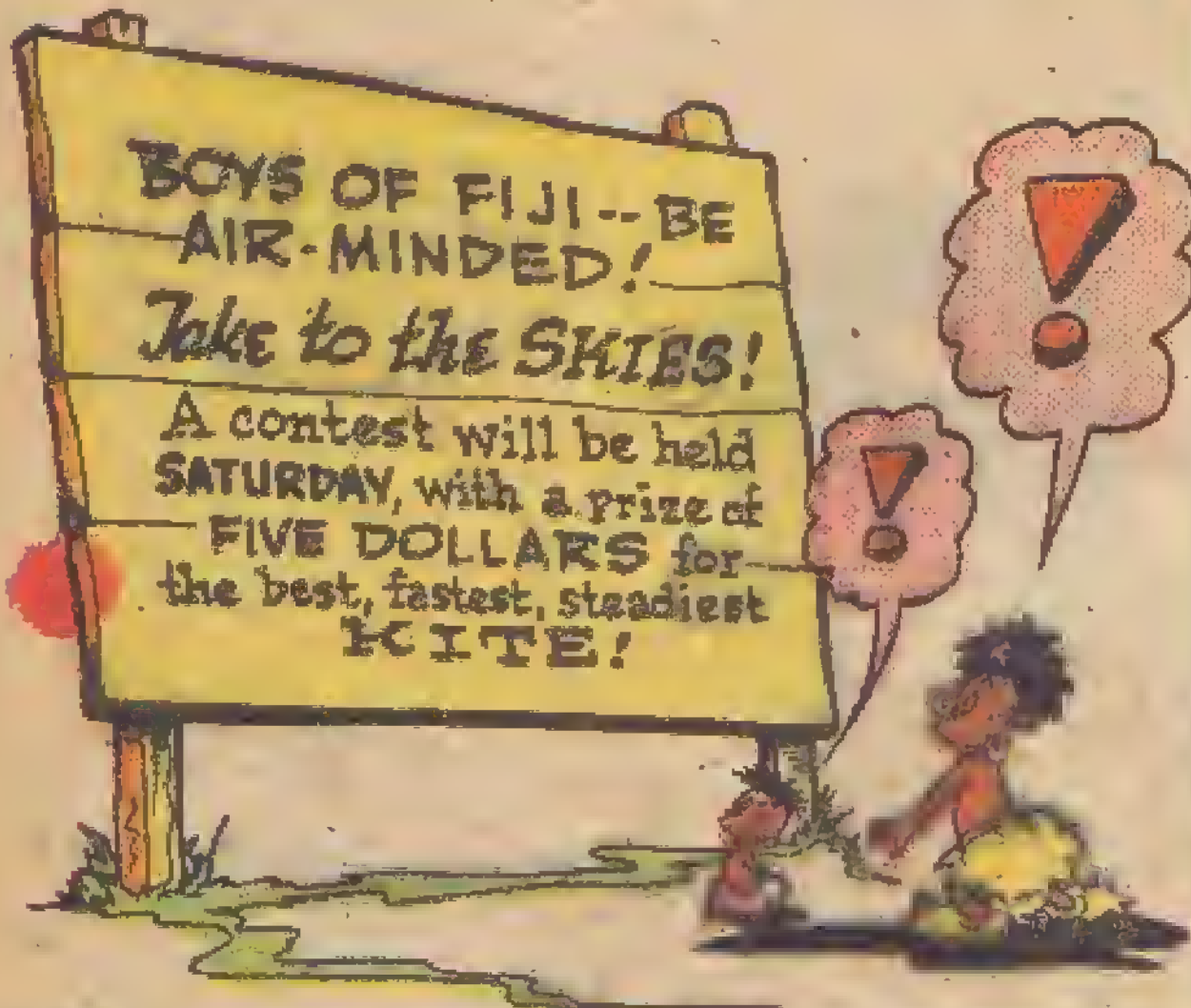
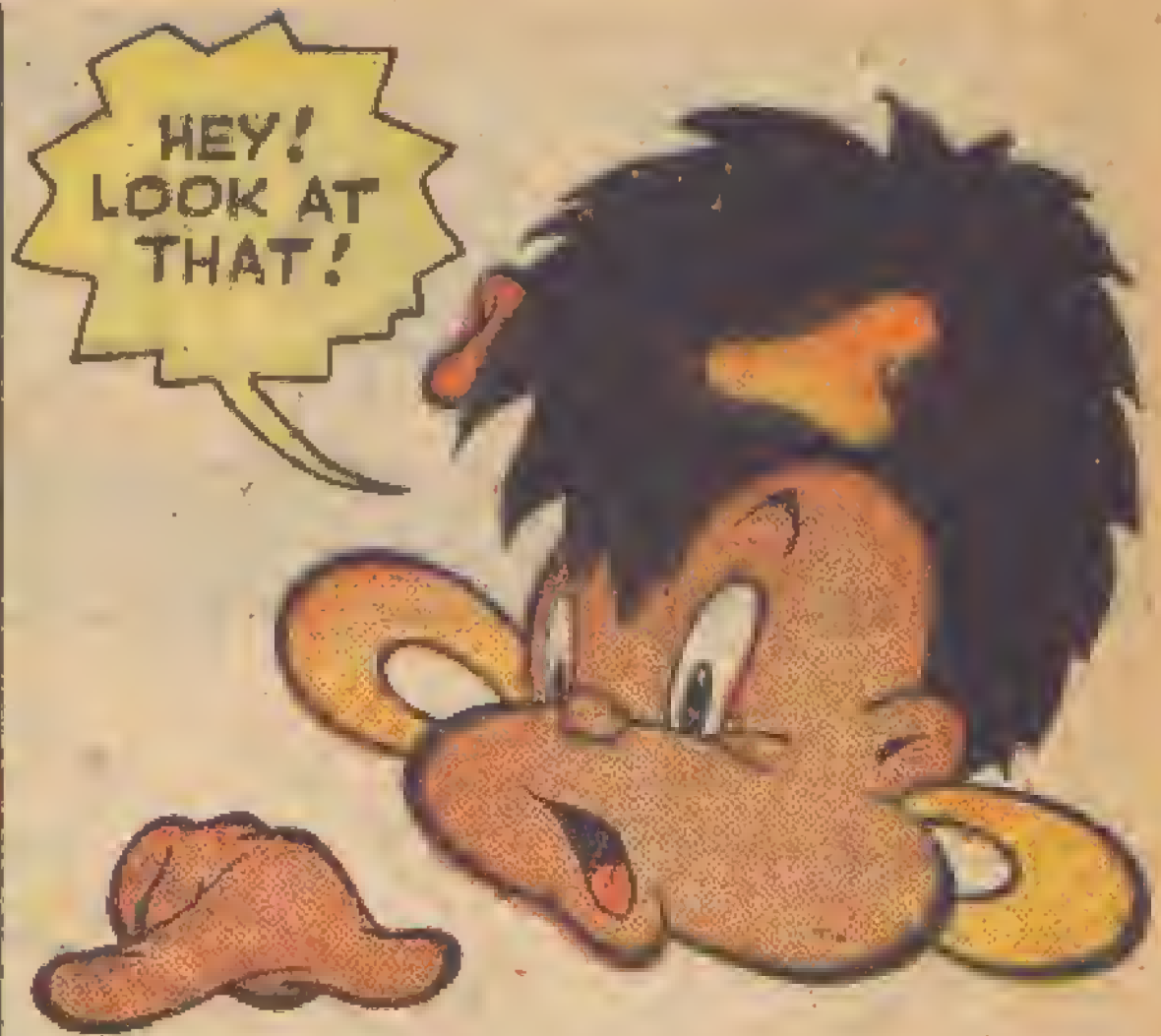
FLOOGY

**THE
FIJI**

MAKE ME
ONE, FLOOGY!
WILL YA?

AW, GO
FLY A KITE,
SMALL FRY!
YOU BOTHER
ME!





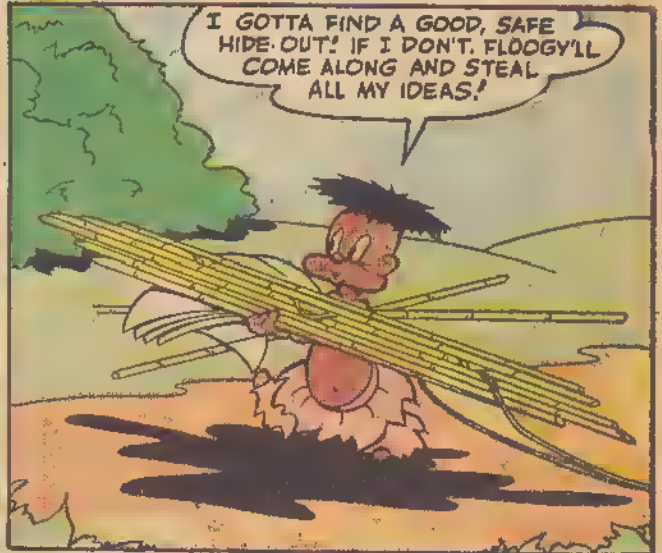
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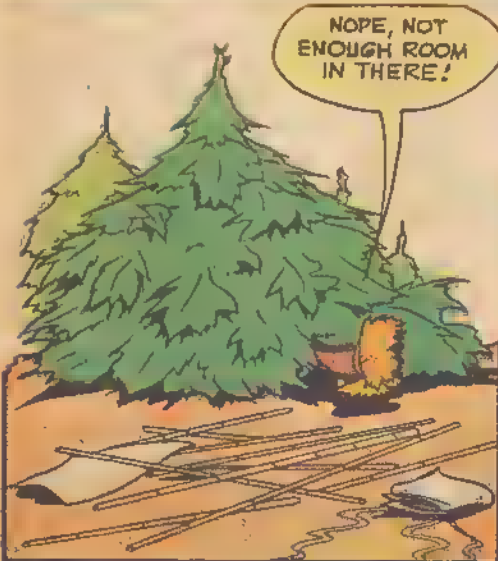
LEMME SEE, NOW....
WIND VELOCITY
PLUS PRESSURE
PER SQUARE
INCH---



WELL, I HAVE A GOOD START!
I THINK I'LL GO SEE WHAT THAT
HARE-BRAINED BROTHER OF
MINE IS UP TO!



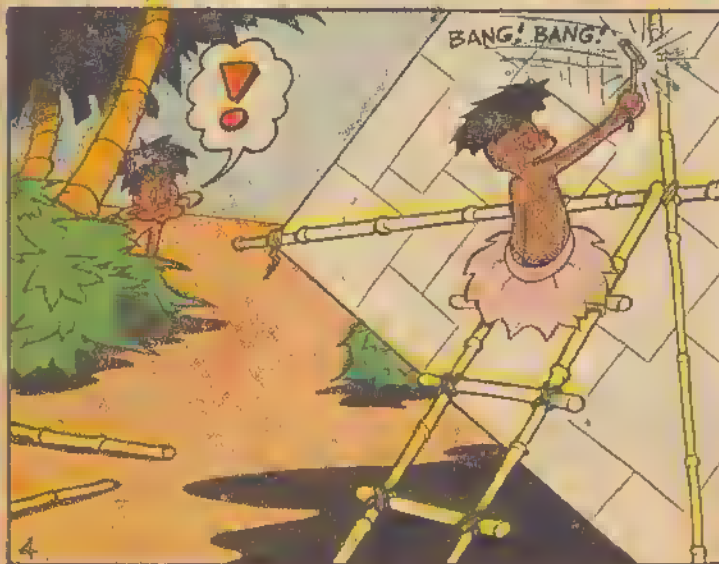
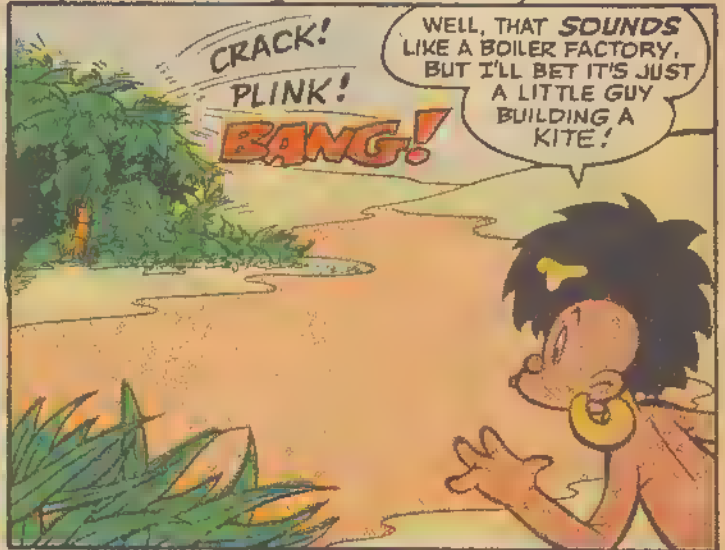
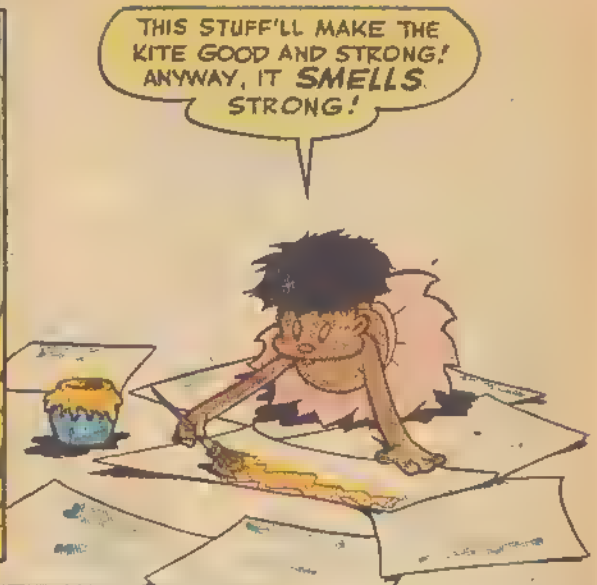
I GOTTA FIND A GOOD, SAFE
HIDE-OUT! IF I DON'T, FLOOGY'LL
COME ALONG AND STEAL
ALL MY IDEAS!

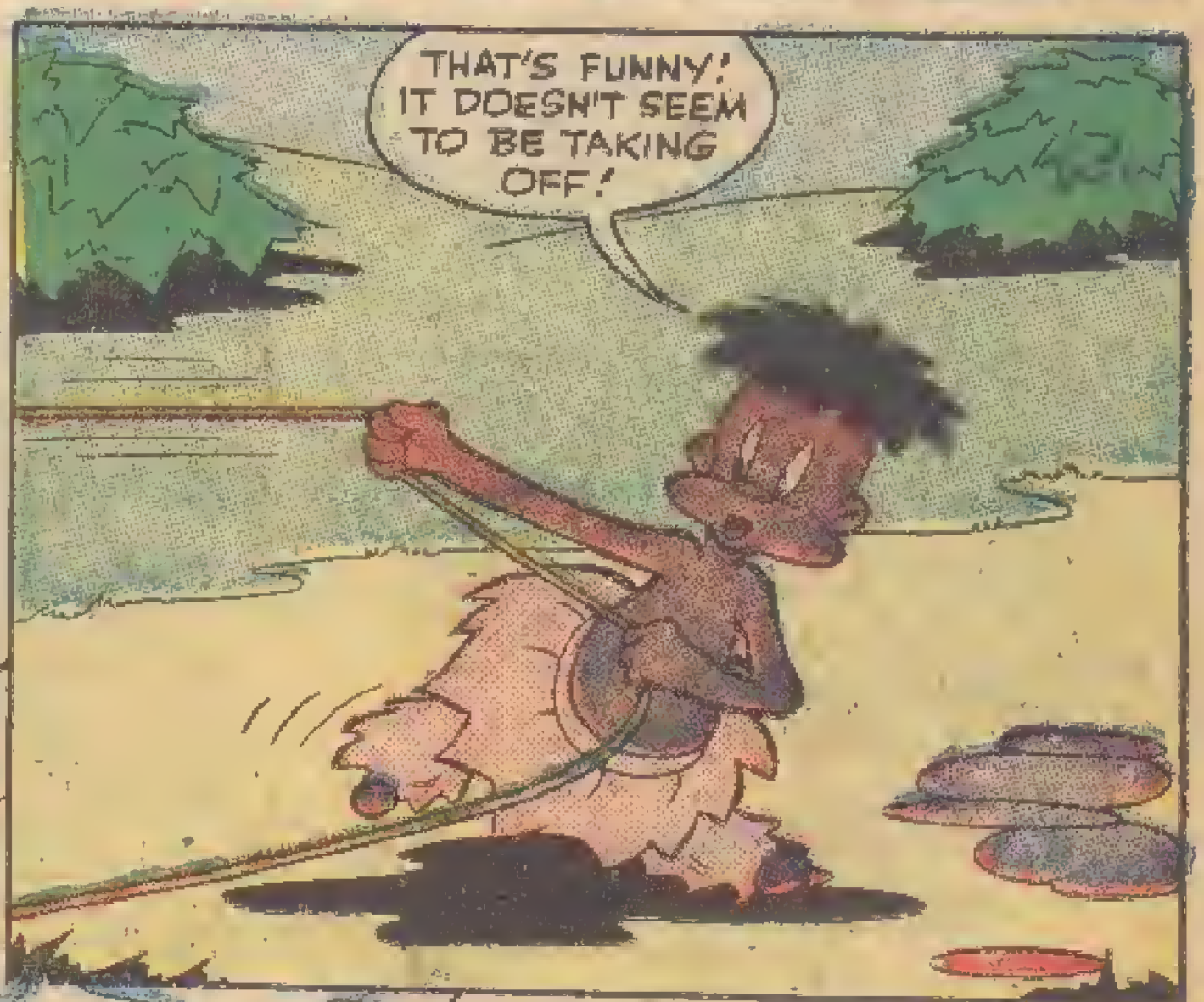
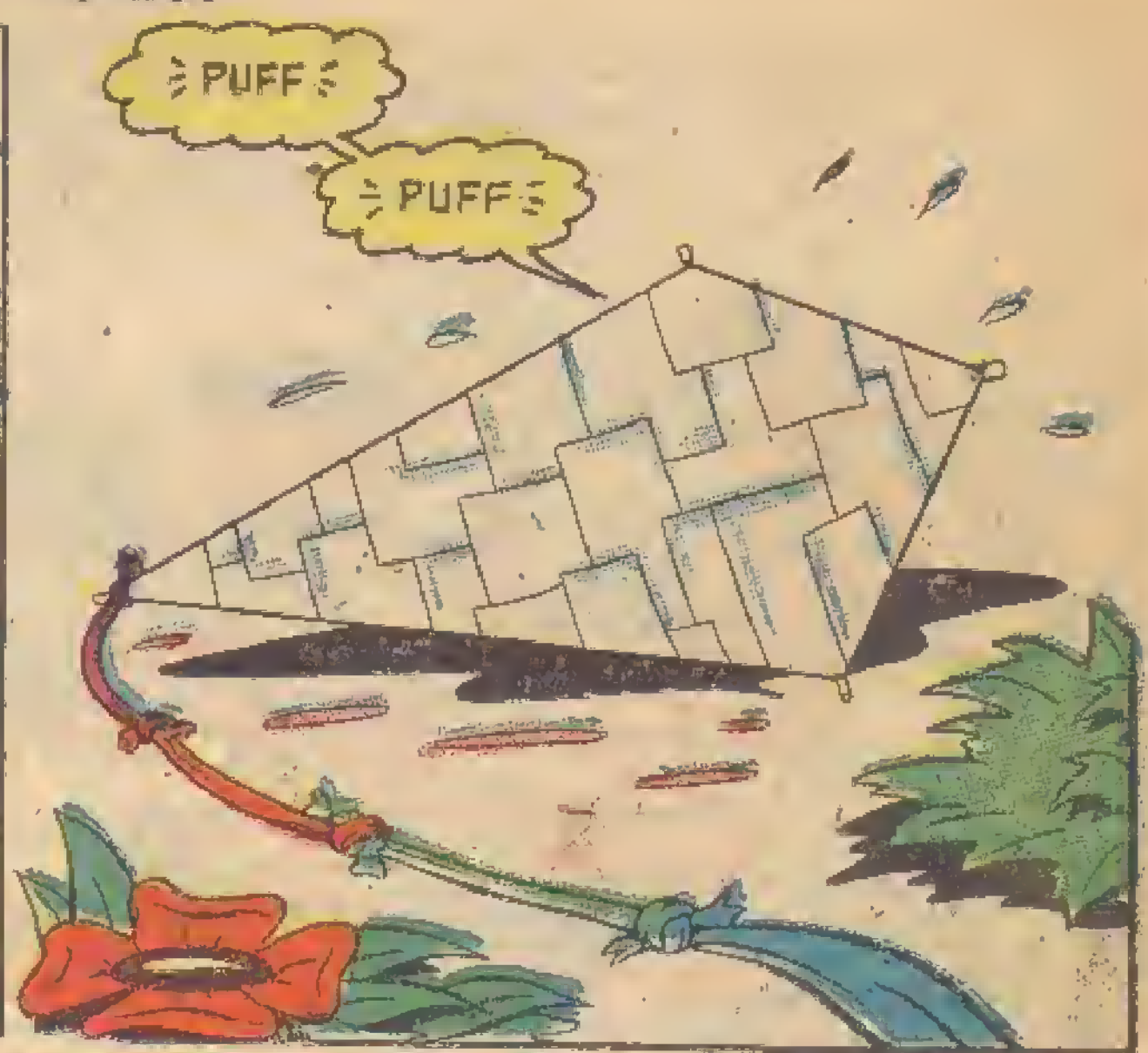
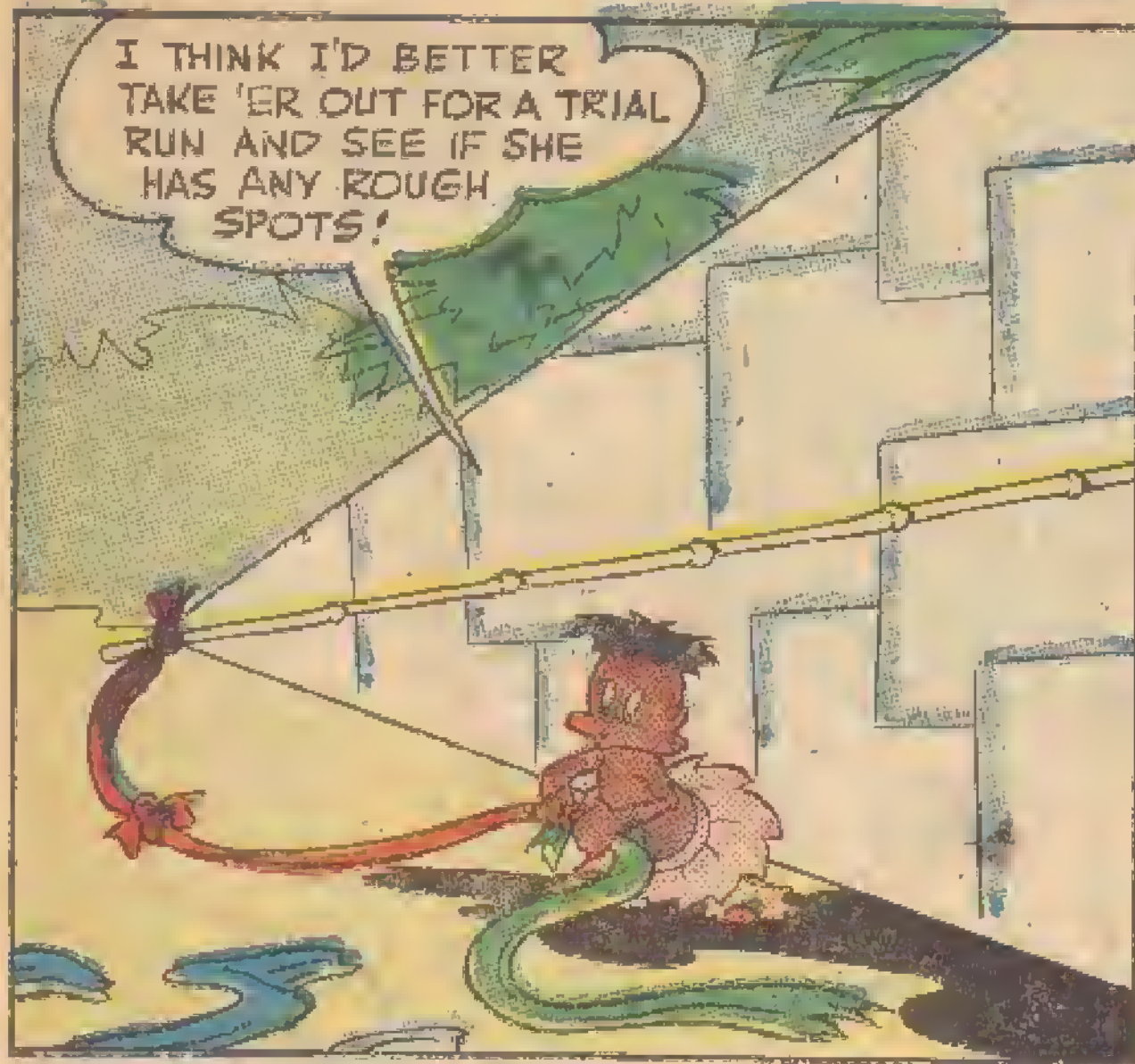


NOPE, NOT
ENOUGH ROOM
IN THERE!

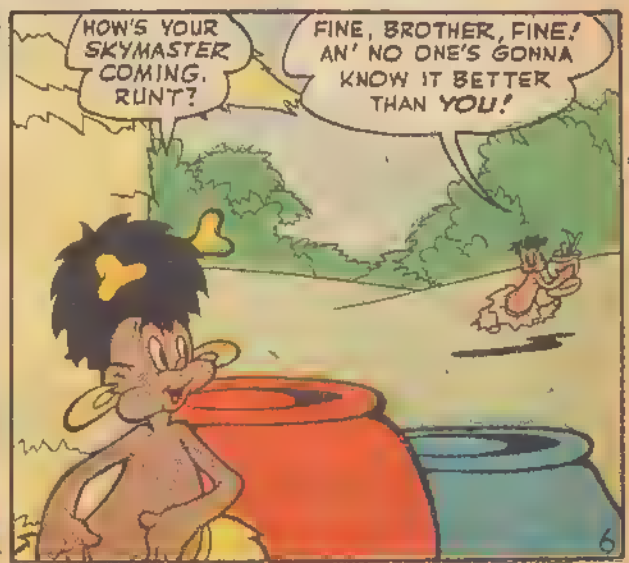
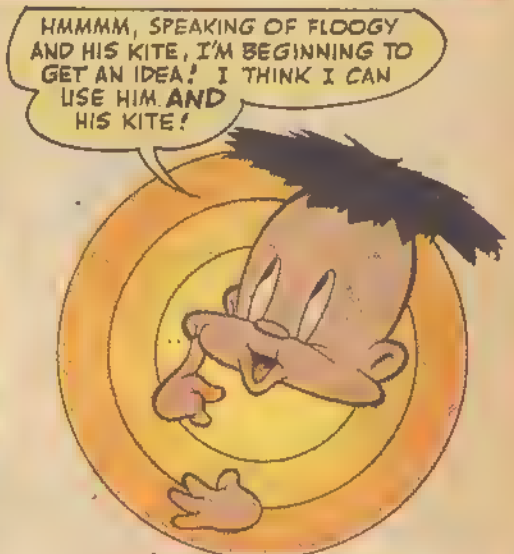
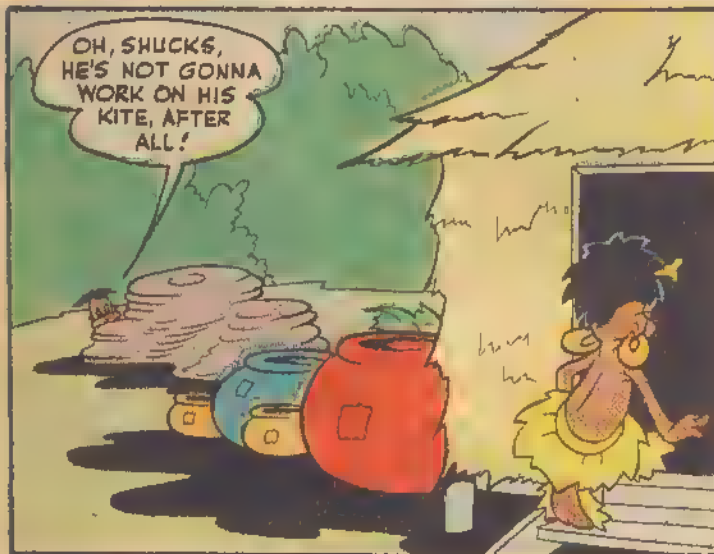
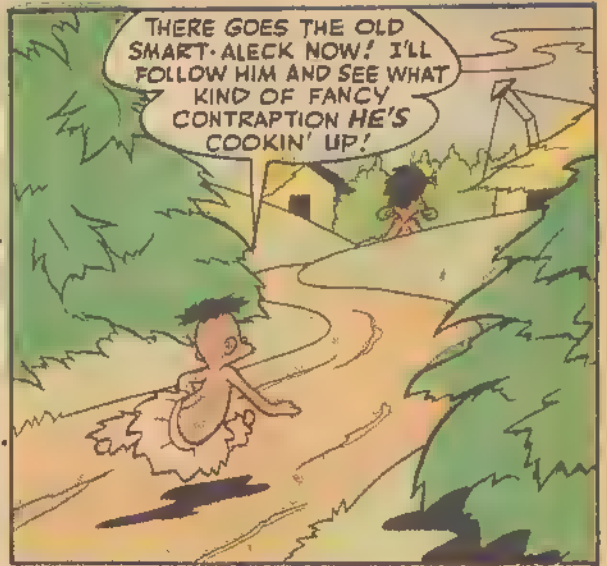
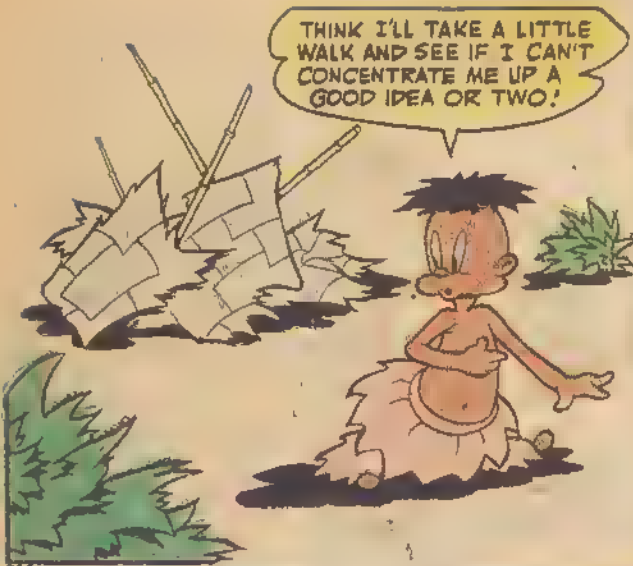


PERFECT!
ROOMY, YET
COMPLETELY
PRIVATE! HE'LL
NEVER FIND
ME HERE!





CRACK COMICS

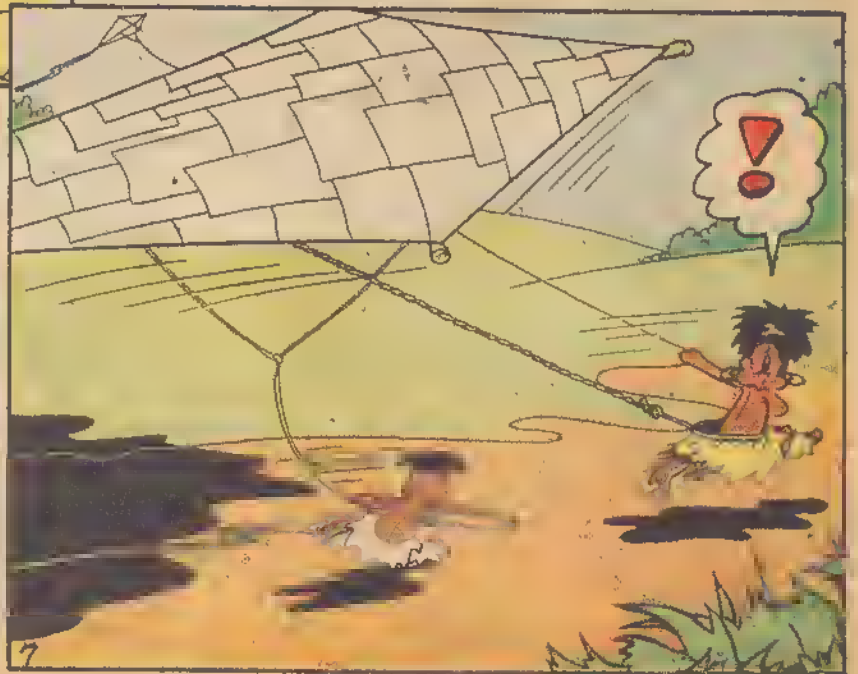
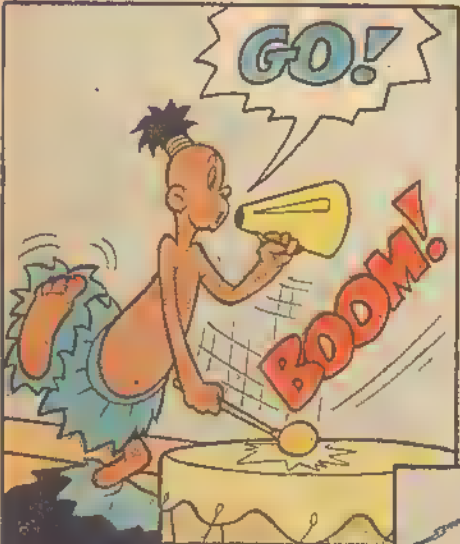


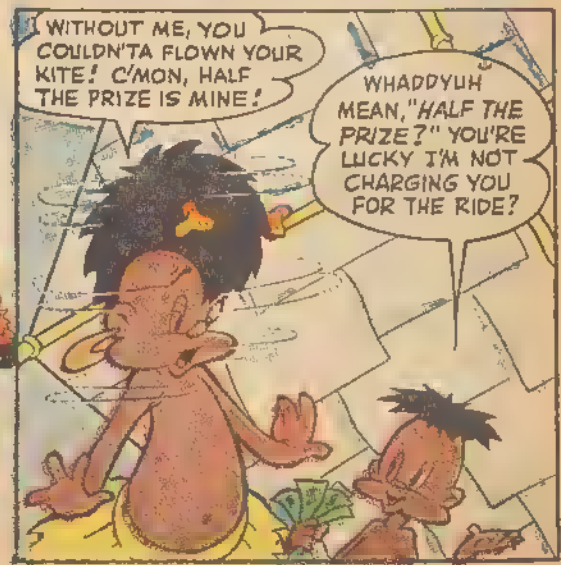
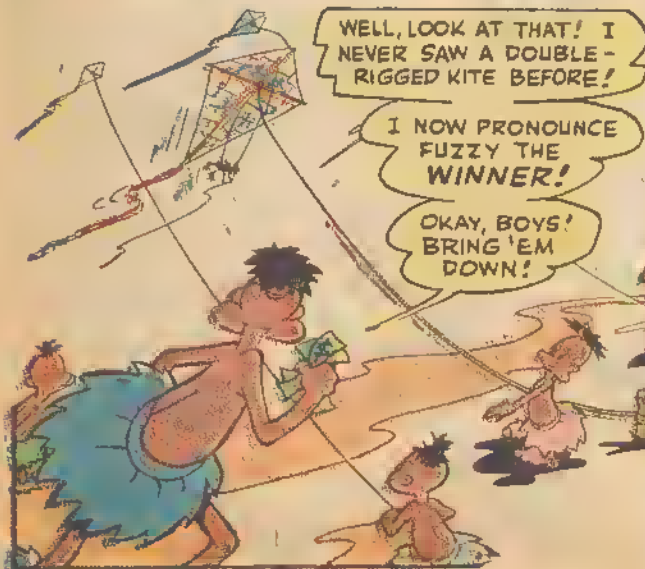
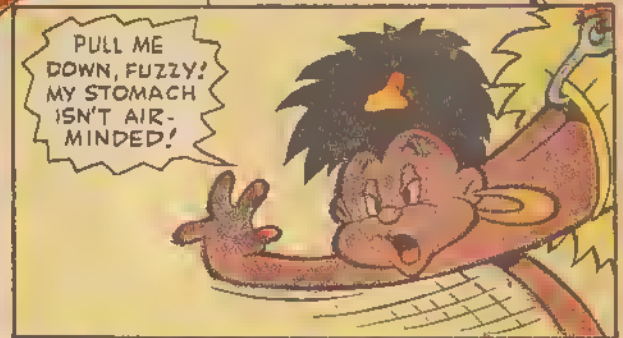
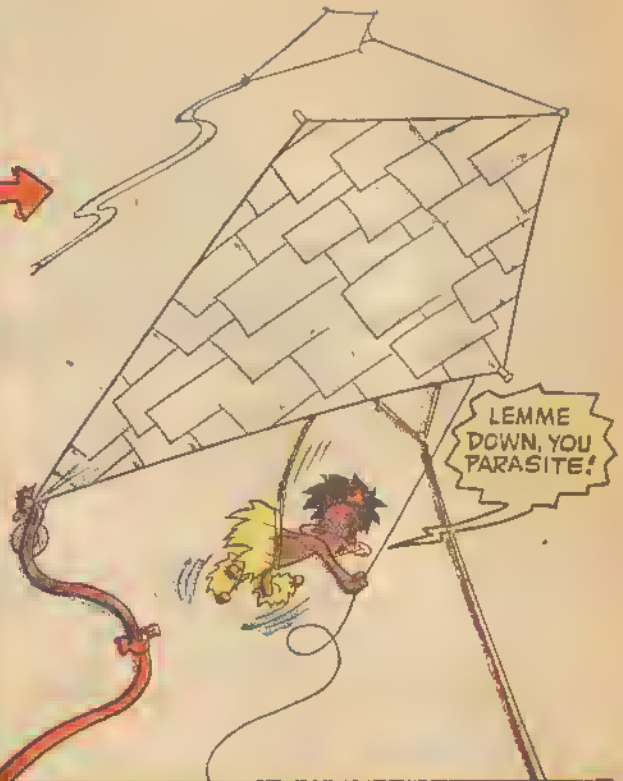
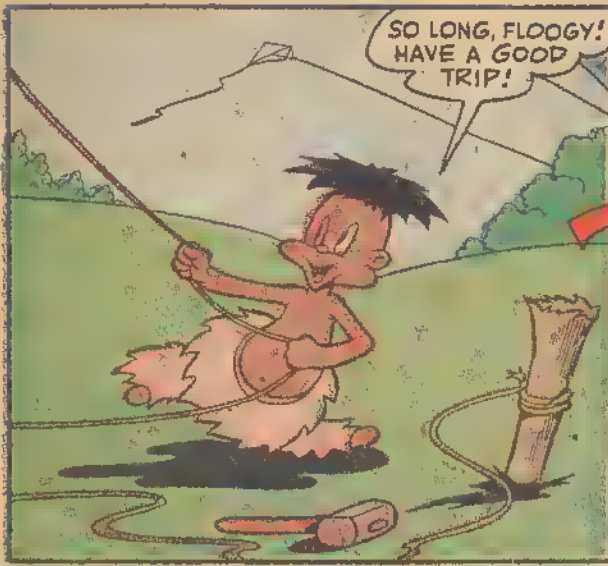
CRACK COMICS

And so dawns
the day of
the contest--

I'LL HAVE TO GET JUST
THE RIGHT DISTANCE
FROM FLOOGLY AND
LET HIM GET A
GOOD HEAD
START!

ATTENTION, BOYS! THE
CONTEST WILL BEGIN AT THE
FIRST BEAT OF THE DRUM!
GET READY,
GET SET.....





ALLAH and the HAWK

ERIC VALE was on a strange mission—he was hawk hunting! No great sport this, for a renegade known only as **THE HAWK** was striking terror into the hearts of millions—ravaging, killing, destroying.

It was an organized gang, Eric was sure of that. But who belonged and the identity of **The Hawk**, himself, he could not determine. The nationality of this outlaw or from whence he came, nobody seemed to know. Only one thing was certain: that heading a great band of cutthroats was a man whom the entire world wished brought to justice!

"The Hawk comes!" "The Hawk has struck again!" "I hear The Hawk is going to pounce on so-and-so."

Such were the mutterings in the market places. Nor were these things said in derision or fun. Every man, woman and child in the region feared with a deadly fear this terrible remesis.

So **The Hawk** must die! Eric Vale had sworn to bring him to earth. Now he loitered in a great bazaar and listened to the mouthings of the peddlers and camel drivers.

The Hawk had struck farther south less than a few hours ago. The English police had started out. But it would be the same old story: they'd arrive too late. **The Hawk** and his men would have flown. A hawk is a wily bird, like the eagle, not easy to capture.

What was worse, however, was the fact that this **Hawk** kept the natives stirred up all over the desert. Remote bands of tribesmen who had never given any trouble were gathering, banding together, and attacking towns everywhere. Sometimes more than one band struck simultaneously. The provincial police couldn't be at two or three places at one and the same time.

No, as Eric figured it, **The Hawk** must be brought to earth first, then his followers would have to seek a new leader or desist their depredations.

As Eric flew up and down the great desert in his fast fighter, he gave an eye and ear to all that went on. Frequently he landed at some large camp and talked things over with the chiefs and sheiks. For the most part these men stood in awe of **The Hawk**. So it was easy to see why the man had such a power over them.

"**The Hawk** has promised to drive the infidel out of our land," said one old Berber chieftain. He smiled. "For that Allah be praised. If **The Hawk** can lead us to victory over these fellaheen, then we are thankful. We'll help this Hawk!"

It was the same wherever he landed and talked with the leaders of the bands. It was a war to the finish. Or so it seemed.

"We can't buck this thing blindly," Eric told the company officer of the provincial police. "We've got to stop **The Hawk**. Victory will follow only when he's halted."

The officer smiled grimly. "What do you think we've been trying to do all these months?"

Eric made a gesture of exasperation. "I know. It isn't the right track, though. You're getting no place. No one seems to know who this **Hawk** is. But they do know that his followers are Moslems."

"Renegades," amended the officer.

"But Moslems nevertheless," said Eric. "In that fact there may be hope."

The officer shook his head. "I don't know what, Eric. However, if you've any ideas, I'd like to hear them. Naturally, we stand back of you in any logical attempt to end this thing."

It wasn't the time yet, Eric told him. It wasn't planned out. In fact, there wasn't a concrete plan doped out as yet. But there would be—soon.

During the next week, two towns were gutted and plundered by **The Hawk** and most of

CRACK COMICS

the residents were killed or wounded. Again the police were powerless to do anything.

"The Hawk has spies in every town and village," the police captain told Eric. "He knows just what is going on at all times."

"They're Moslems, too," said Eric, more to himself. "So it might work with all—"

"Pardon?" said the captain. "You were saying something?"

Eric grinned. "Just letting my thoughts take noisy wing, sir. I think I'm getting an idea. What about dropping back around dinner time and telling you about it?"

"Good. Do so, Vale."

That evening over coffee Eric outlined his plan to the police captain. It was a fantastic, out-of-bounds scheme; certainly one that no one had tried.

"You see, Captain," said Eric, "they are Moslems. I'm basing everything on that, and the fact that they are superstitious. Force of arms hasn't worked. You'll admit that. Then I say let's give 'em something new."

The captain pondered. A slow grin lit up his red face. "Man alive," he cried, "I never heard such a crackpot idea. You Americans! No, as you say, force of arms hasn't worked. And the Moslems are superstitious, but I'll grant you they're not as superstitious as they were not long ago. They're getting wised up to things."

"But this," said Eric. "Don't you say it's brand new here? They've never seen any such thing?"

The captain nodded. "All right, young man. You're on. When do you want to try it? Oh, yes—and where?"

Eric scratched his chin. "Never thought of that one, sir. Can your agents find out where The Hawk will strike next?"

"Reasonably," replied the policeman. "I'm expecting to get reports this evening, later. Oh, here comes one of my men now."

A carrier came up to the veranda of the small headquarters building and saluted. He

was an Arab. In fast Arabic he relayed his message to the captain. The latter exploded.

"Good gosh, you hear that, Vale?" he cried, as the carrier left. "The bloody devil is going to attack us here tonight. Here! The nerve of him!"

"Good," said Eric. He glanced up at the sky. "Going to be bright moonlight soon. Perfect for our stunt. Then shall I proceed, sir?"

"By all means, lad. Go to it, and good luck to you!"

Eric took his leave and hurried to the small hangar where he kept his fast ship. He loaded several large cylinders into it, woke his co-pilot and told him what was in the wind.

"Swell," said the young Englishman. "It'll be bully putting on the show. Shall we be off, sir?"

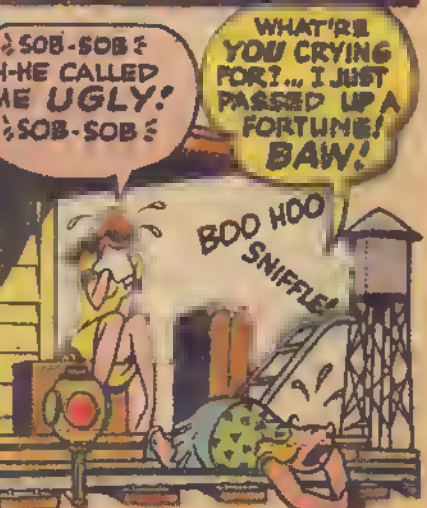
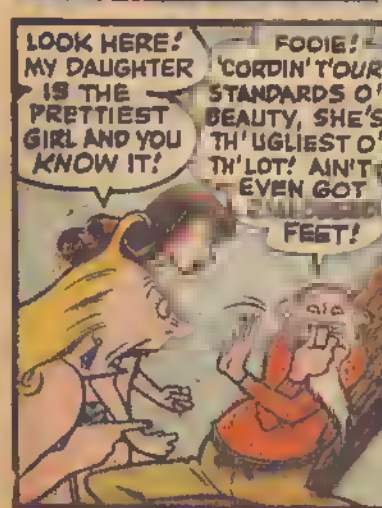
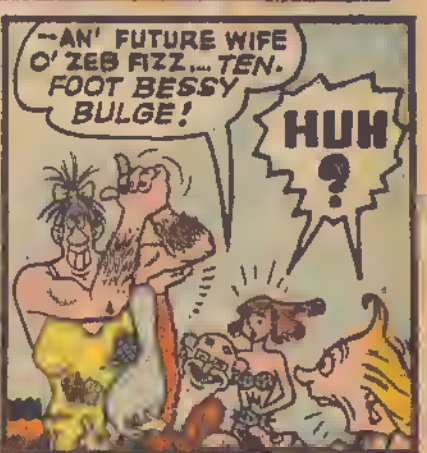
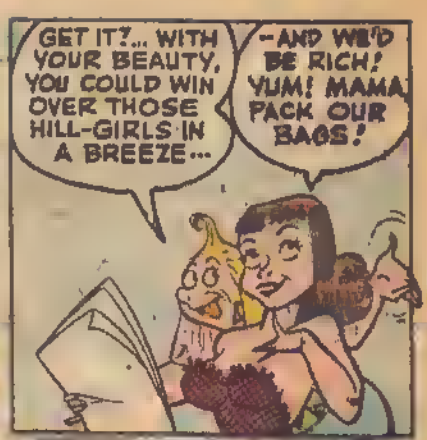
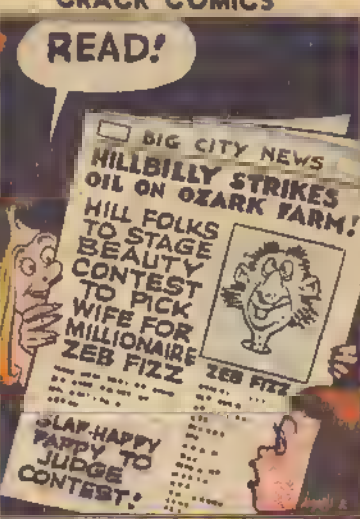
They flew several miles beyond the town and landed to wait for the fireworks. It was not a long wait. Soon gun flashes and roars told them that the attack was on. Then they roared into the sky and began a spiraling upward climb. When they were 15,000 feet above the town, with the moonlight bright almost as day, Eric turned a valve. An intensely white smoke began pouring out of the ship's tail.

Eric took over the controls. Carefully, the way he had been trained long before, he began a maneuver through the bright skies that was something to see. When he had completed the work, he flew back directly under his handiwork and dropped a red flare.

The effect was startling and bizarre. As the garish flare floated downward, its glow was bright against the white smoke writing above. The smoke spelled out, in Arabic:

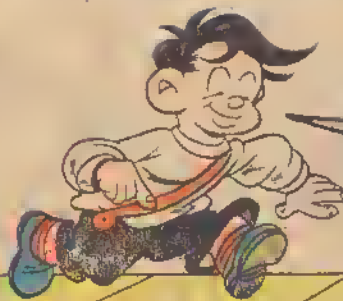
KILL THE HAWK. IT IS ALLAH'S COMMAND.

The firing in the town had ceased. Now the attackers and besieged alike stood with open mouths and gazed at this frightening message from Allah. Then The Hawk shouted loud to rally his men, crying that this was a fake of the infidels. He was answered by a crash of rifle fire. He fell, mortally wounded. His men ran, screaming, for their horses. In a moment the town was clear. The Hawk's mad reign was ended—by a bit of Yankee ingenuity.

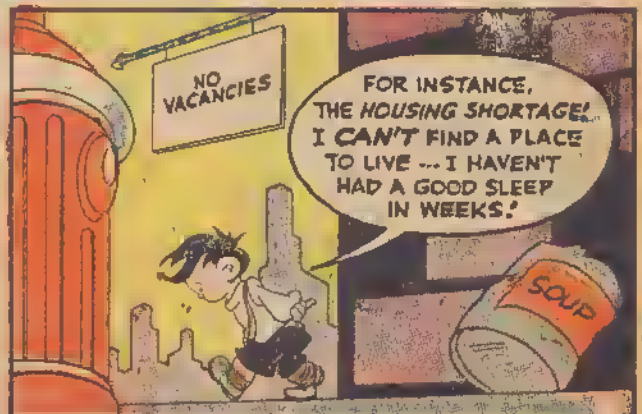
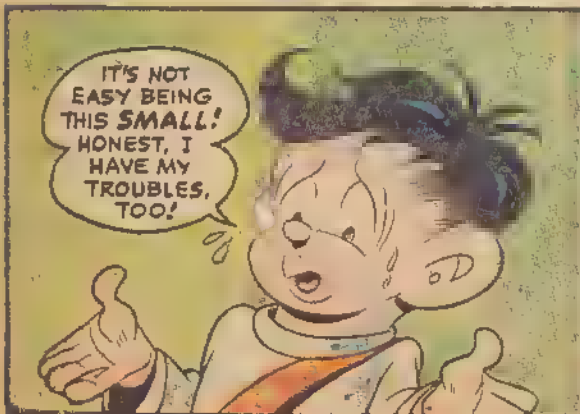


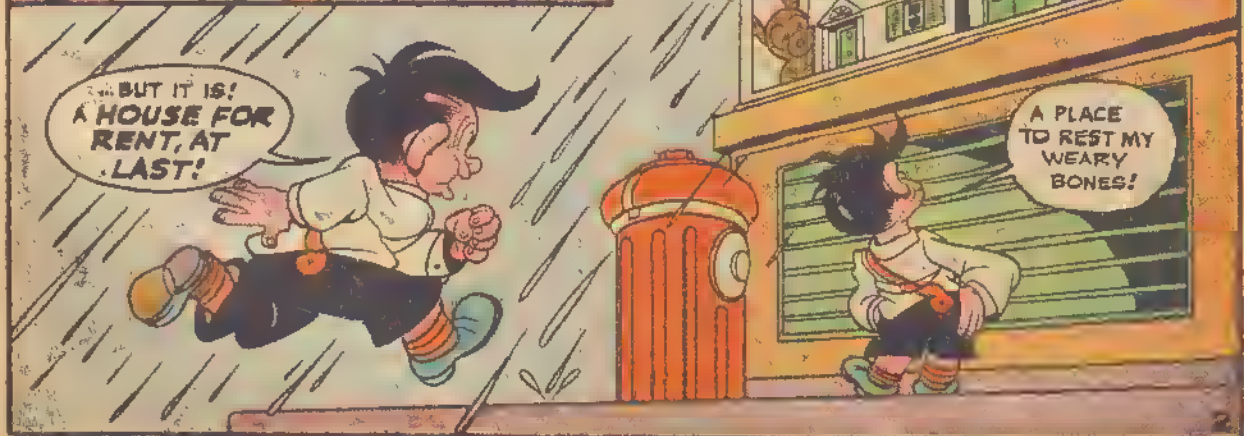
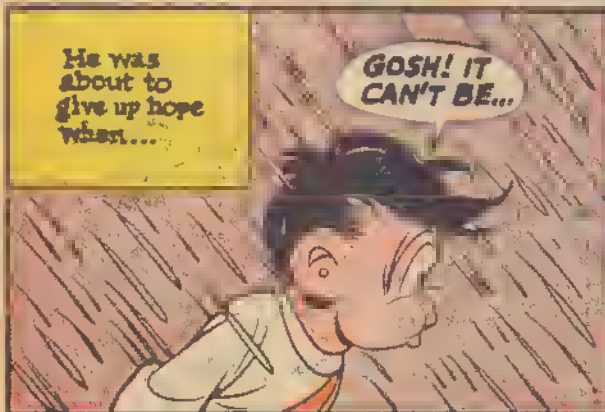
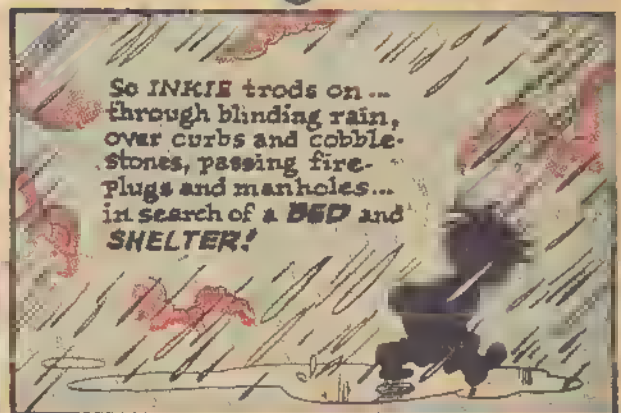
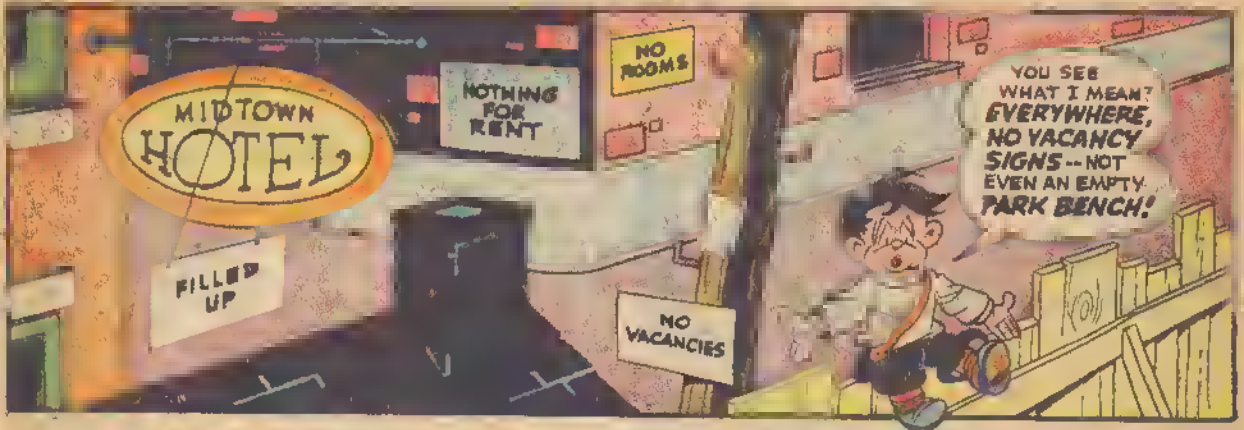


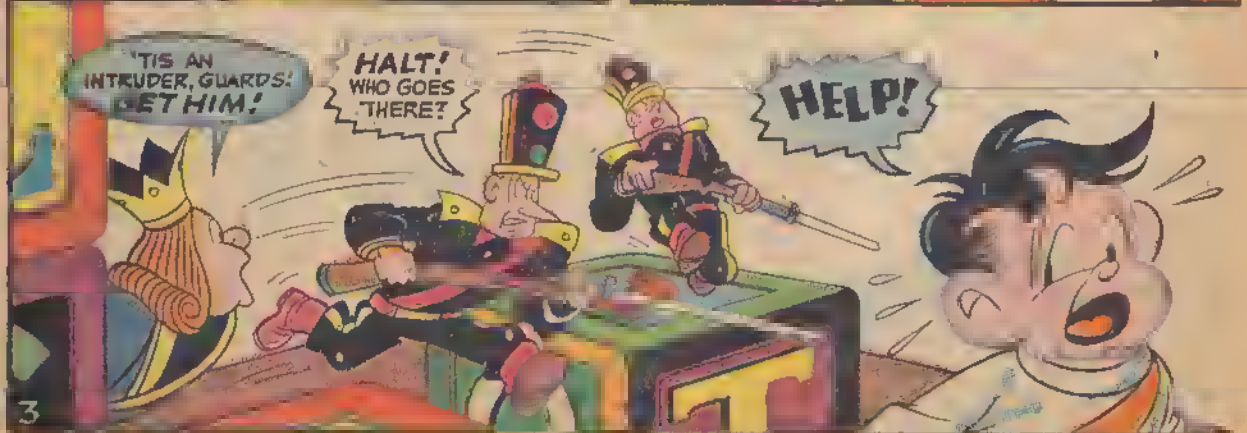
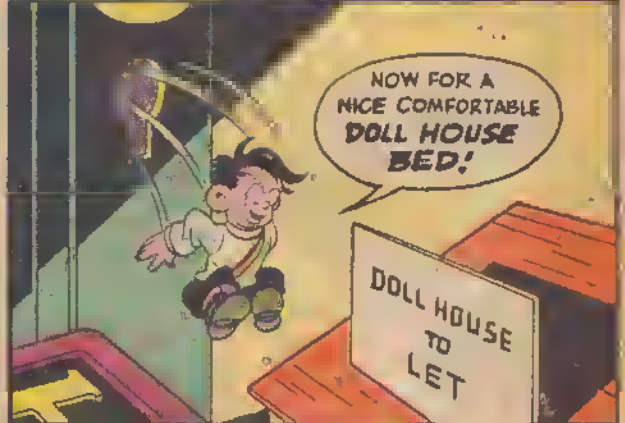
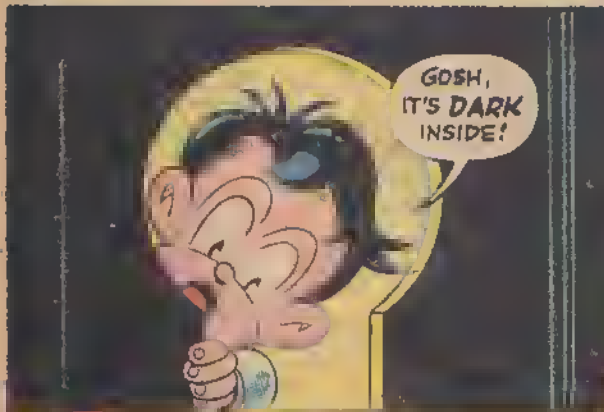
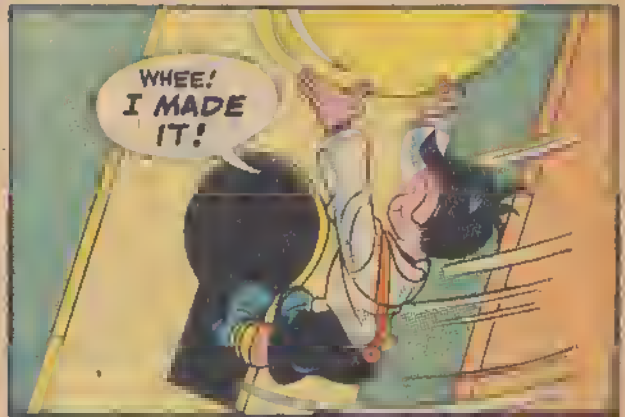
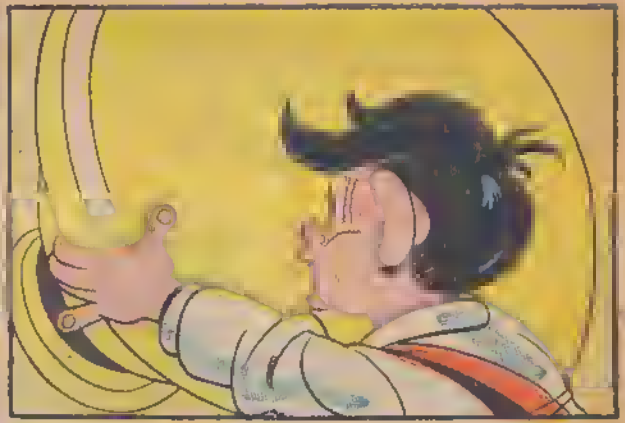
WHO IS **INKIE**, you ask? Well, he's just like any other little boy.... But he's **MUCH SMALLER**! No? Well, here's an opportunity to **SIZE** him up yourself! Just follow this ruler....

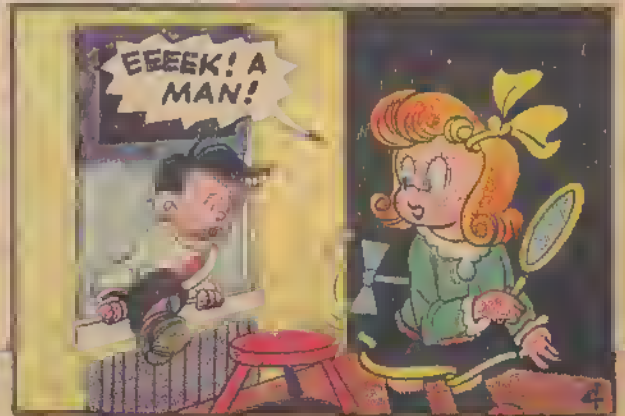
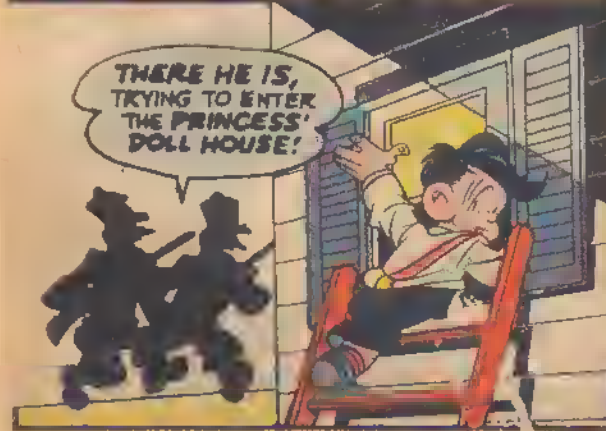
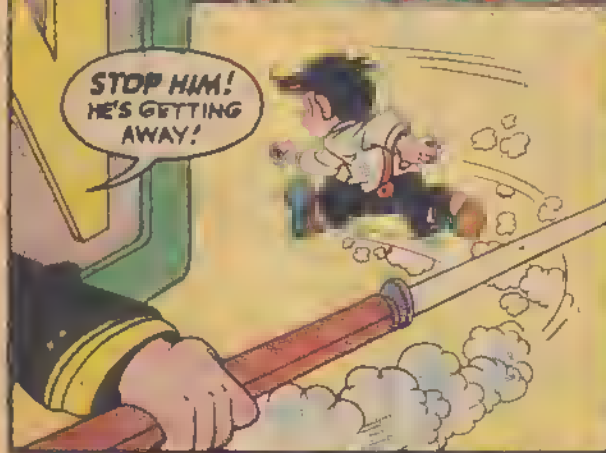
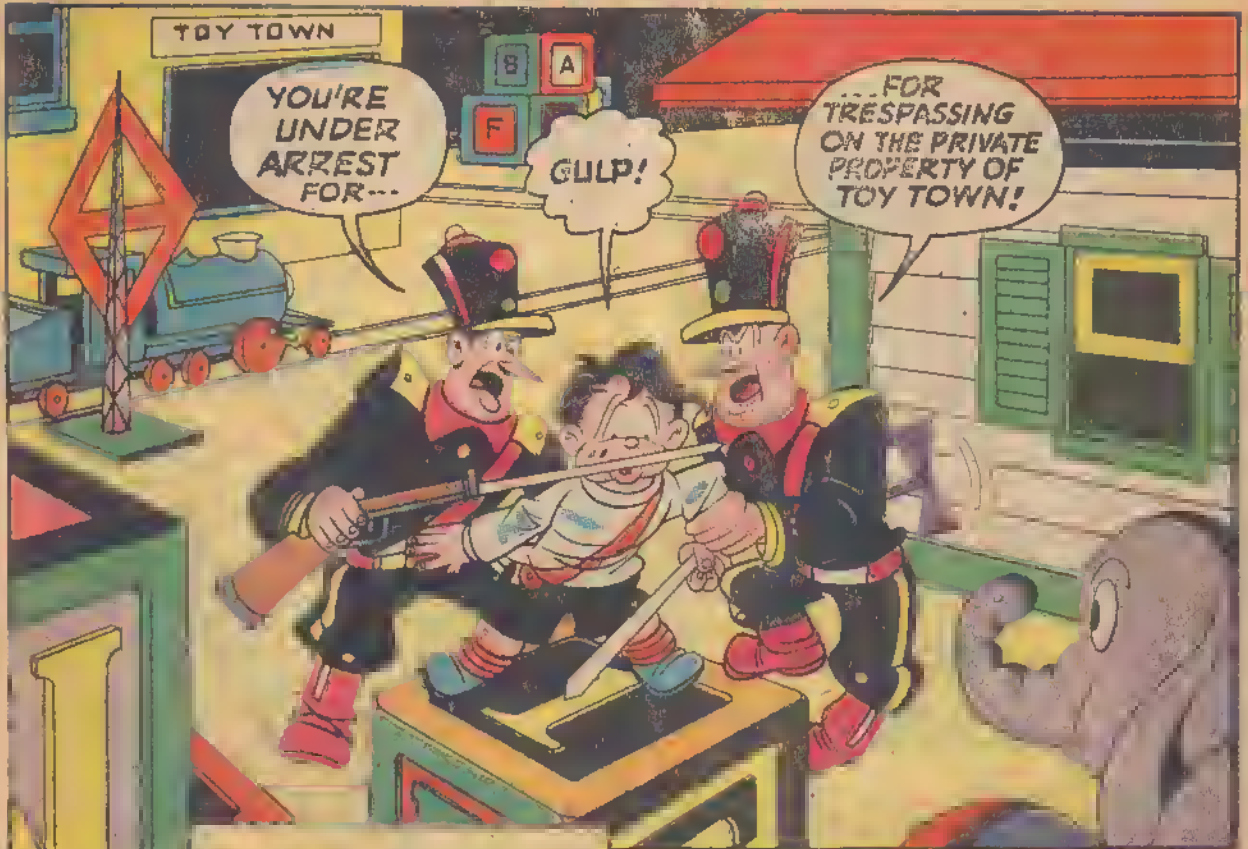


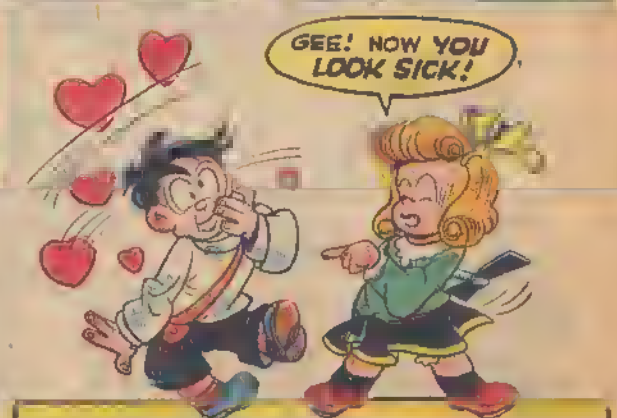
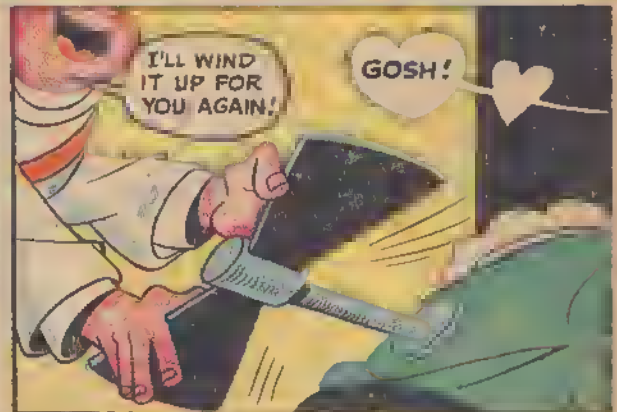
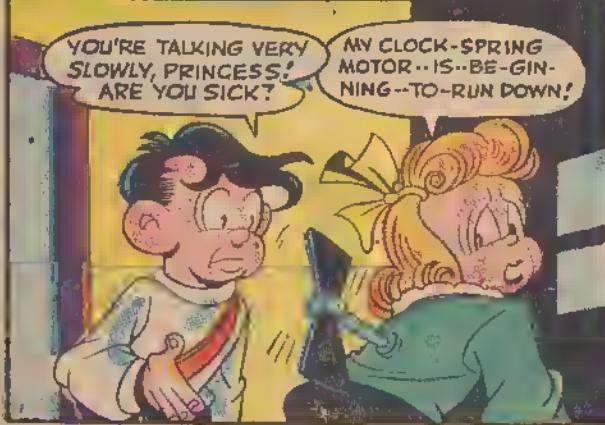
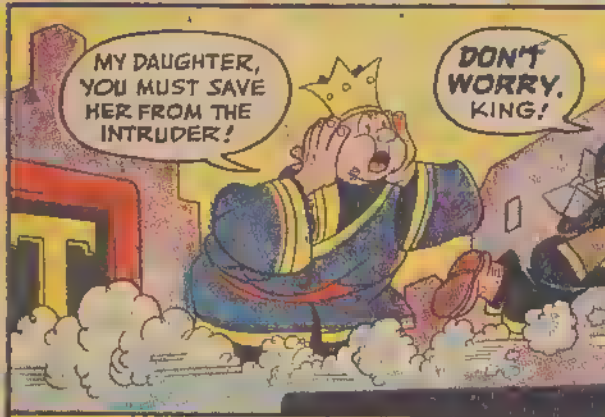
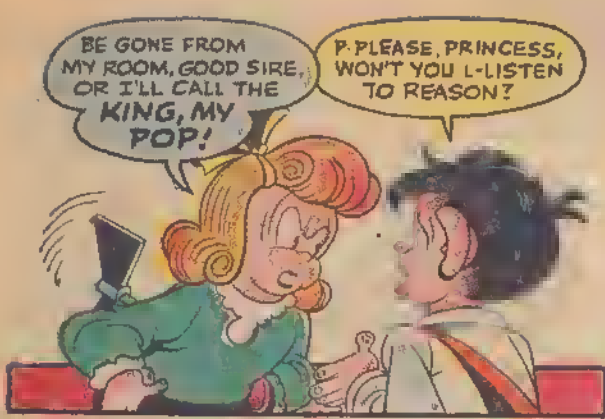
DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW? I'M ABOUT **THREE INCHES TALL**!

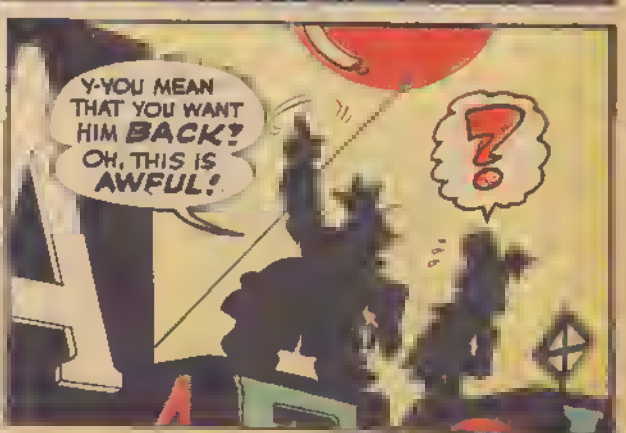
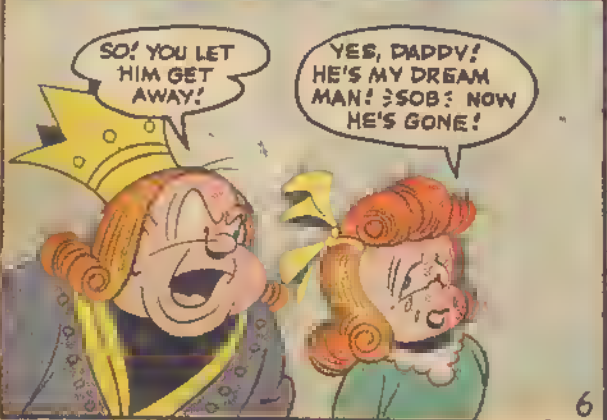
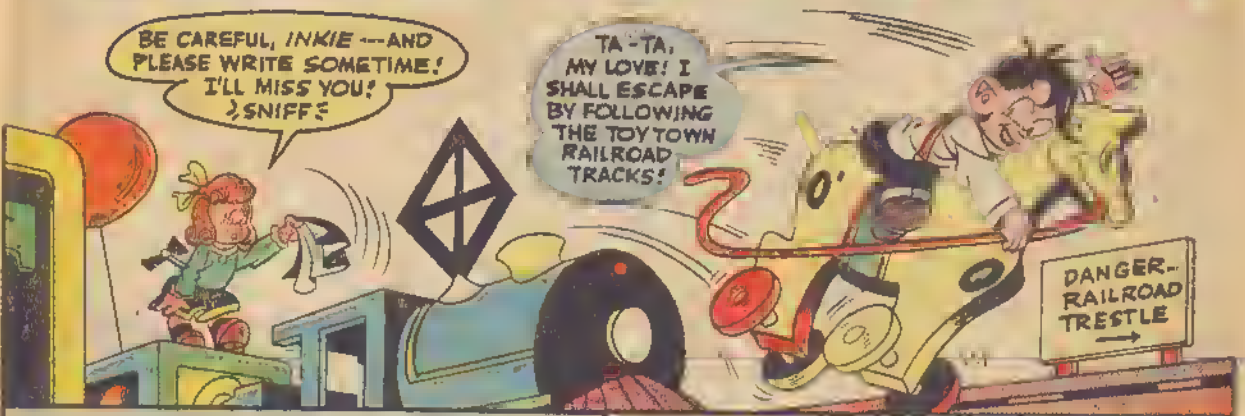
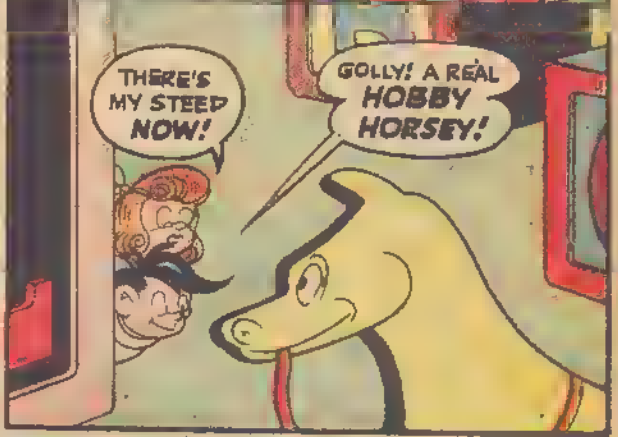
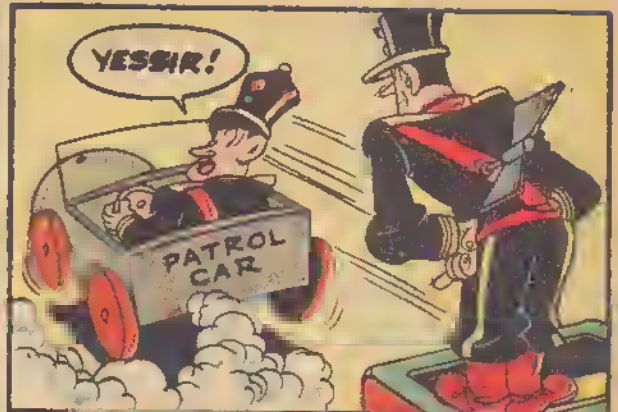
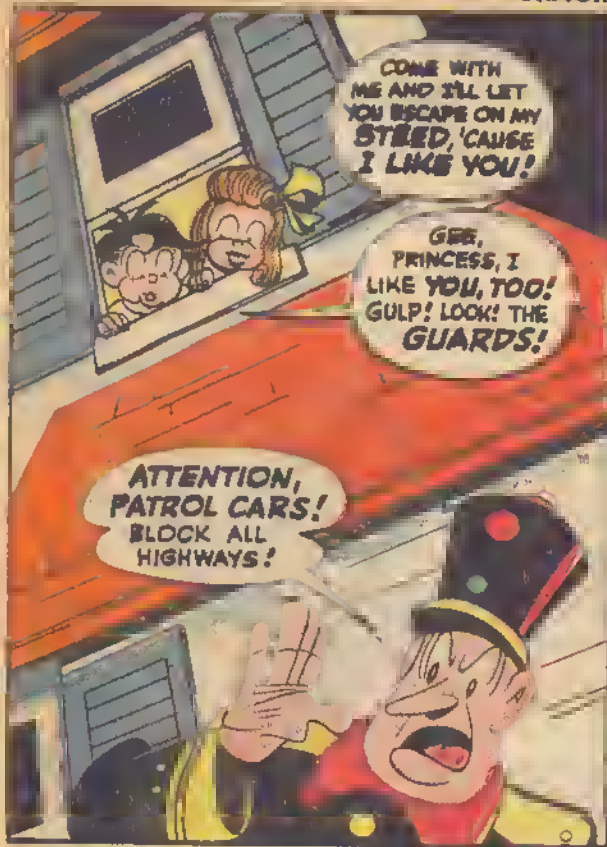


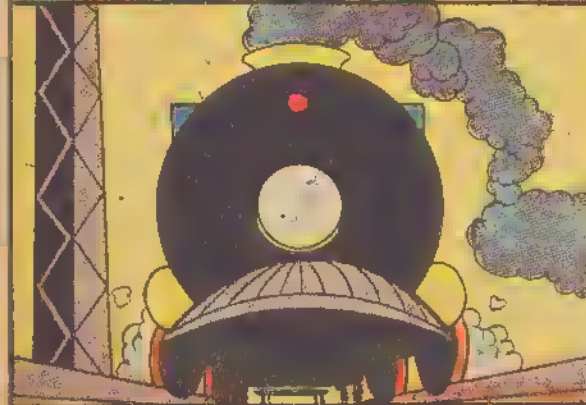
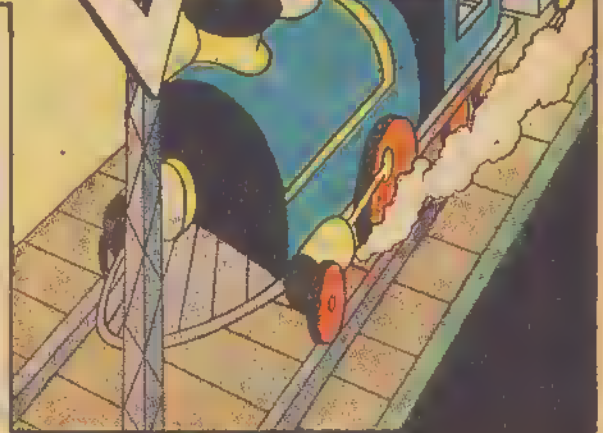
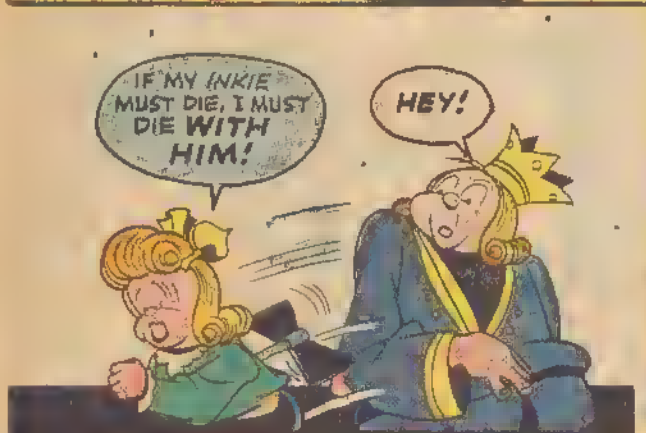
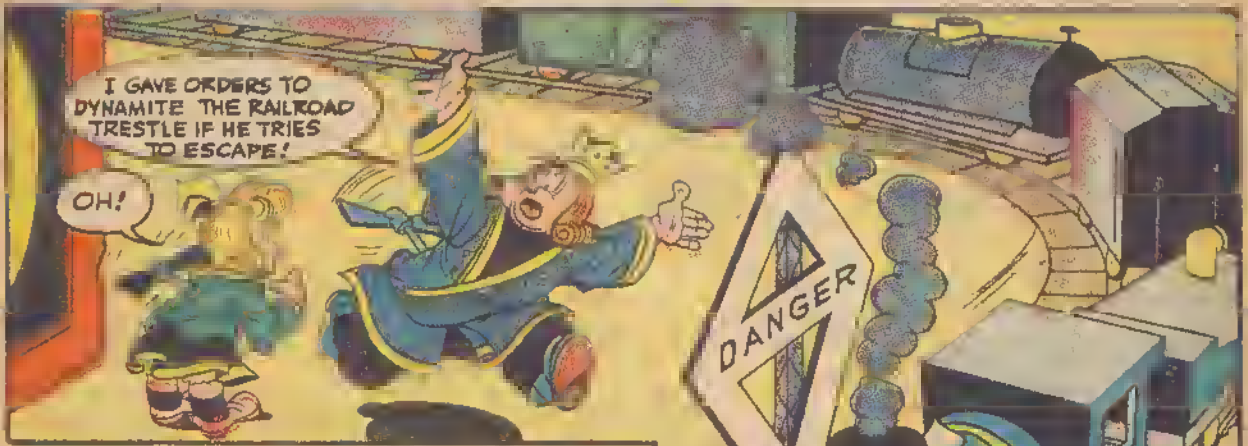


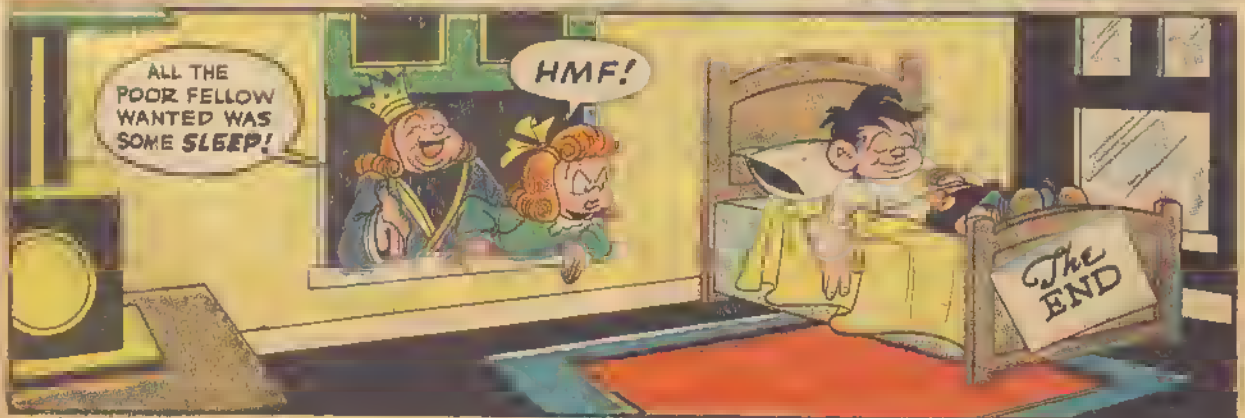
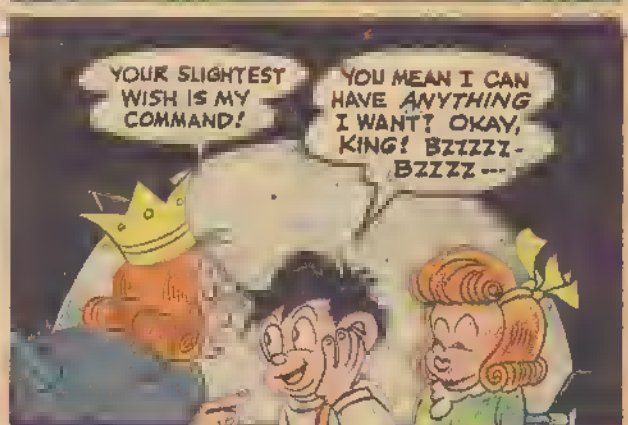
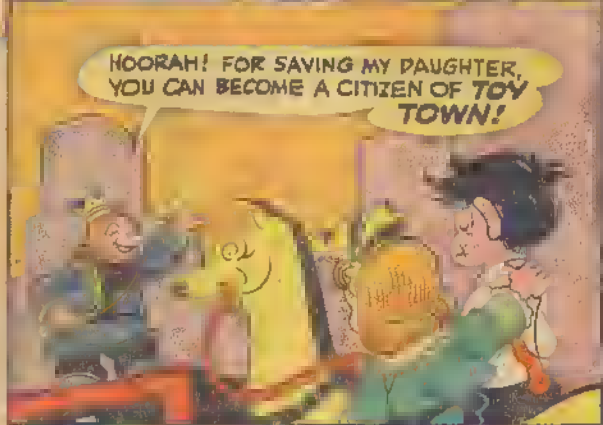
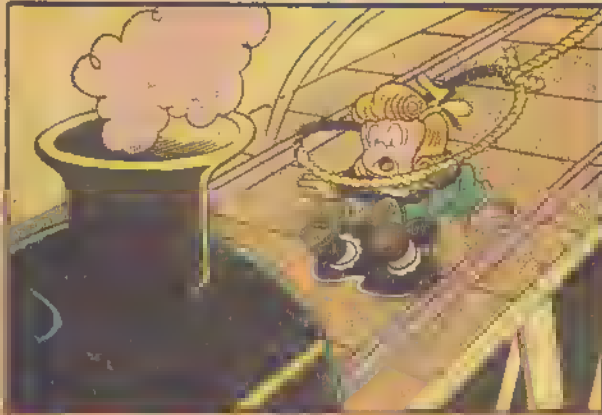
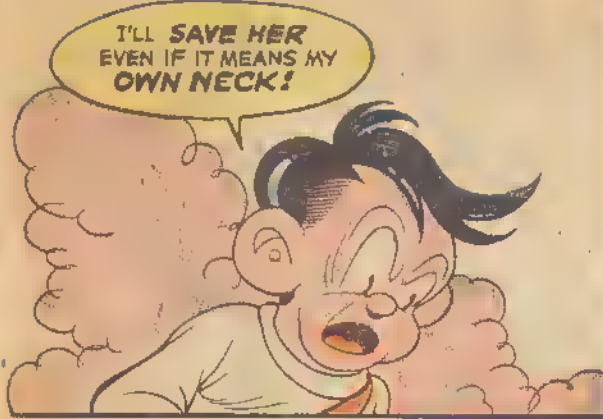












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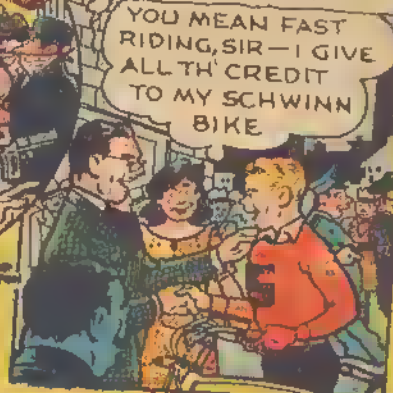


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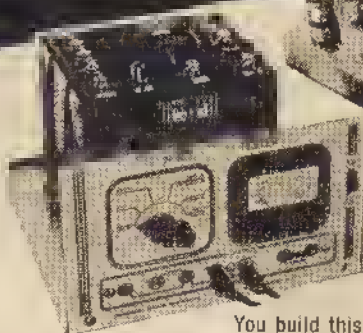
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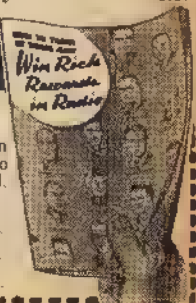
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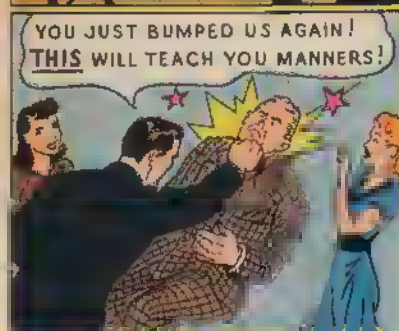
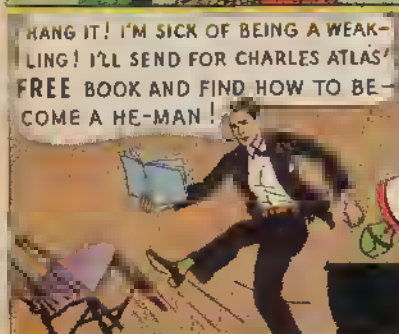
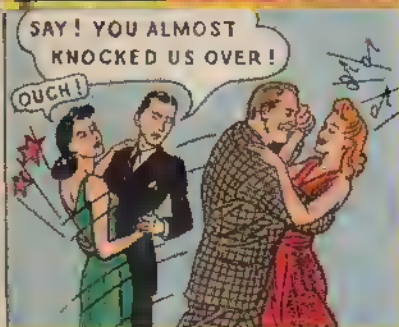
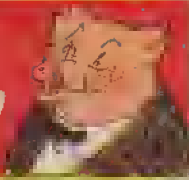
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